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THE ENGLISH TRADITION

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IN THE WORLD

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# THE ENGLISH TRADITION IN THE WORLD

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S. C. WILLIAMSON

HUTCHINSON & CO.

*(Publishers) Ltd.*

1875

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## FOREWORD

A FOREWORD IS REALLY AN INADEQUATE way of expressing my thanks to MR. ARTHUR BRYANT for his encouragement and criticisms in the making of this book. My gratitude is not less but greater because I am one of many who owe much to him.

I wish also to thank MR. C. J. M. ALPORT for his encouragement and advice with the early chapters ; and MR. R. S. EARLE for some assistance with the chapters on Africa.

Last, I wish to thank my wife for the tiring and dull work with typing and proofs, and most of all for her patience.

WHITSTABLE,  
*March 1939*

S. C. W.



ONE

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PADSTOW

‘WHO FINDS ABOUNDING CEPHISUS  
HAS FOUND THE LOVELIEST SPECTACLE THERE IS.’

I DID NOT INTEND TO WRITE about myself. Many autobiographies of the pert young, conceived in conceit and born in hurry, though dull, are harmless because, all that is contained in them being superficial, they are only read by superficial people, or, as a change from the necessary thriller, to relieve a tired mind. Some autobiographies are justified when the authors have lived unusual lives or been friends of the great, that is to say, when they are mostly not about the author. In my case I have done nothing unusual and have known few celebrities. Some bid for people's attention by claiming to relate intellectual adventure and spiritual experience. This is a tremendous temptation, the temptation of the pinnacle of the Temple. And this temptation is doubly great because so many great books have been written in this way—Marcus Aurelius, Saint Augustine, Wordsworth. But the virtue in them has overwhelmed the vanity. The thoughts and feeling that these writers express are of universal mankind and not of themselves. Rightly, man is not concerned with introspection, the doubts and sorrows of this one or that. Unless an individual's experience has a universal application it is best not spoken of. It may well be the utmost act of shame. A poet calls it ‘walking naked.’

Sir Philip Sidney advised, 'Look in thine Heart and write,' and has caused a deal of bad poetry. Introspection, the vice of the minor poet, the psychoanalyst now makes a virtue. Look at the numerous biographies of the poets. Their lives, their feelings, their souls are the things of importance and only the writings matter which reveal them. The discovery of Wordsworth's bastard daughter was of greater value than another book to *The Excursion*. Like many, in my youth I looked into my heart and wrote a book of poems. By certain standards they are good poems. To-day they are a record to me of the dreadful state of my health, physical and spiritual, at the time, and they are a warning. No, look not into your heart to write. Rather should a poet be *Sacerdos Musarum*, the Priest of the Muses, the classic law-giver revealing order in chaos, expressing the faith of his fellows and strengthening their grasp on nobility and beauty. This is the secret of style. Milton, the greatest of English stylists, is little read now. The neglect of him is one with the neglect of all national tradition, and national tradition should be the bones and blood of education.

So, writing a paradox, I try to write of myself, banishing egotism. My purpose is to state and defend my faith and traditions not because they are mine, but because I believe they are English qualities that I share with multitudes of my fellow-countrymen. Many find it difficult to acknowledge to themselves and others their English instincts. They call them prejudices. Both their reasonableness and nobility are denied. But the attacks upon them by self-named intellectuals are not valid in reason. They certainly are not noble. To love a piece of England because it is English is called prejudice. If a man does so, he is a little ashamed of it or denies that it has anything to

do with patriotism. It might be just as well a piece of France. Many of us do love pieces of France, but that is another matter.

The quotation at the head of this chapter is from W. B. Yeats' paraphrase of Sophocles' chorus in praise of Colonus from *Œdipus Coloneus*. It is in no sense a translation from the Greek, the original of which is one of the most famous and glorious lyrics ever written. But it tells of Sophocles' love of Colonus. In his old age the place of his boyhood is 'the loveliest spectacle there is.'

I think most people have a love for a particular place and its associations, generally a place known in early years. And this feeling that inspired Sophocles and Wordsworth is, I believe, one of the springs of wider patriotism. Since Fraser's *Golden Bough* was written we know more of the causes of this loyalty to little places; of how small communities, depending so vitally on a little acreage, knew themselves at one with its harvests; of how to be cast out in banishment from the native earth was capital punishment and equivalent to death. But we cannot altogether explain it by its origins. Before Sophocles it was the theme of the *Odyssey*. It brought Catullus back to Sirmio to die and Shakespeare back to Stratford.

One of my most distinct memories is an occasion at Oxford when Sir Walter Raleigh, then Professor of English, brought the American poet Vachel Lindsay to read some of his verse. Among us undergraduates there was great amusement at some of his very American poems. He recited the weird one about the niggers dancing on the Congo and a weirder one about the ghosts of motors all sounding their horns. We were disappointed because he did not give us the one we longed for in which the lions all said: 'We want Daniel! We want Daniel!' But he did recite

'General Booth enters Heaven,' and his voice was magnificent repeating the refrain: 'Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?' Then quite simply he began to talk of his 'home town,' Springfield, and how he wished to do something to make it like some other small towns, Athens or Oxford, that are great in the world. Many people, then and since, have thought Vachel Lindsay crude. Later he committed suicide, I believe, because his verse was not regarded seriously. Of course his poetry was crude, but it was crude with vigour and originality. If only our local government was not entirely concerned with the material necessities and we could bring to it some love and ambition like his for his native place, our fuller English patriotism would be surer and more proud.

My own epitome of England, whose trees and houses and people gave my mind an English character, and in boyhood first directed my gaze to the spiritual vision that is England—my 'loveliest spectacle there is'—is the fishing village in Cornwall, Padstow. Thirty years ago no one ever came there, but now it is known to many. There is great beauty that the visitor sees there, the lovely winding estuary with Stepper and Pentire, its two headlands, couching like watch-dogs at the entrance, and, out at sea, Gulland and Newland, the two little islands; the sweep of the sand-hills at Rock across the water, the little coves where rocks shone in clear water beyond St. Saviour's Stile. There are bathing tents there in the summer now, but then I bathed alone. Across fields are more open beaches where, as at Colonois, there come the 'horses of the sea, white horses,' and the 'Nereids dance in the foam.' I cannot claim that Grey-eyed Athena looked on Padstow. But it was certainly under the guidance of Poseidon, 'the giver of the oar, the giver of the bit.' Thirty years ago steam trawlers were just

becoming the fashion, but then, besides the native boats, the Lowestoft and Brixham fleets used to visit the port. Their ships must have delighted the heart of any god of the sea. By my horoscope, so I am told, I was born under Mars and that is well. But though I knew it not, Poseidon was the protector of my boyhood. He taught me to row and swim and ride. Besides the god who gives the ships and horses and teaches men, the sea had also the Sirens, the mermaids who combed their hair and lay along the shallows of the 'Doom Bar' across the estuary, drawing ships to wreck. There is great beauty for the visitor there to-day, particularly if he looks a little farther than the harbour and up the narrow streets and past the grey houses to Prideaux Place. But a particular place gives one sort of beauty to the visitor and has another for her own people and for boys who have lived with her.

I do not like the tourist industry in places like Padstow. This is not merely on account of the irritation that many express about visitors coming in cars and motor coaches and calling places quaint or picturesque and describing the air 'like wine.'

After all people go to Padstow for their holidays for good reasons. The beauty of it to them is of great value. My dislike is because of the money they bring to it. When these little seaports partly depend upon tourist money they begin to die and become historical and æsthetic 'beauty spots' to be preserved by the National Trust. Padstow used to live upon fishing and agriculture, and if it no longer does so, that is a national disaster. It is a town whose traditions and life have gone to the making of England. The village and the small seaport were our strength. In the changes that are occurring and have passed it is important that we should not let die, without con-



sideration, certain things on the false assumption that their value is no more.

It is the small seaports also that gave us strength, our maritime strength. And to-day in the time of the liner and the aeroplane it is not good in war or peace entirely to trust great harbours. Our strength and pride should still be in the little harbours and men in little ships.

Padstow also belonged to the squire. Prideaux Place, a lovely Elizabethan mansion built in the true *E*, with its terrace and deer park and inside its portraits by Opie, was my idea of what a palace should be. Of course Socialism with Death Duties will do away with the last vestiges of that sort of thing. It is a relic of a past economy and it is bad to be sentimental in regretting the past. But it is wrong that so often, when Socialists go about describing themselves as 'enthusiasts for Death Duties,' the case for the defence goes by default. The Roman philosophers and poets considered small inherited wealth the best kind of wealth, and we should not allow all wisdom before the foundation of the Fabian Society to be put aside as of no account. Small inherited wealth handed down from father to son, carrying with it obligations and tradition, is the best kind of wealth and should have been better protected. For with its passing certain moral values go.

The English villages were guardians of the great natural qualities and moralities handed down in continuing life. Their local histories are a vital part of national history. The life of the people of Padstow went back, like Kipling's Welland the Smith, to Roman times and before. Every May Padstow holds the Hobby Horse ceremony, an obvious fertility ritual going back to prehistoric times and such as to delight the sons of Fraser. The Hobby Horse, an ugly object,

its rider entirely enclosed in a hoop draped with black and masked, was an exciting thing for a boy to watch. It all began at dawn with the traditional song outside our windows: 'Wake up, wake up, Vicar—or Doctor Harvey, or Mr. Lobb—'tis the merry morning of May,' and that, to a pleasing if monotonous tune, went on all day. At certain places the procession would stop and, with people standing round playing the tune and singing the song, the dance took place. The protagonist with a tufted wand danced in front of the Hobby's head, acting to fight it and, as they whirled round, its black skirts swung outwards and its tail, also tufted, swung round. The Horse or its opponent was supposed, if possible, to touch any young woman or girl standing in the ring and this is thought to be conclusive evidence that it was a fertility cult. I doubt whether any of the girls enjoying the show were aware of it. In the evening, in the true King Carnival way, the Hobby Horse was, perhaps sometimes theoretically, thrown into a pond. Besides the main authentic Hobby Horse, little groups of boys used to dress up with miniature hobby horses and go round and dance and sing for pennies. One part of the song was about Napoleon and 'King George down in a little boat.' There was a story to explain this that the French were going to raid the port, but the Padstow people took the Hobby Horse out to the headland, and when the French sailors on the ships saw it they must have mistaken it for the devil because they were so frightened that they sailed away. The Hobby Horse ceremony has been broadcast. But there has been no popular song composed on it such as the sentimental travesty on the less interesting ceremony at Helston, the 'Furry' or Floral Dance.

In the sixth century the Christianity or perhaps the reconversion of the West begins. St. Petroc from

Ireland came to Padstow. Unlike many of the shadowy western Saints, St. Petroc was a definite and important person. I remember in my father's dining-room a painting of St. Petroc sailing up the estuary of the Camel. His boat was inadequate for sailing from Ireland to Cornwall, for the saint and his four companions completely filled it. Indeed, if the saint—the only one among them allotted a halo, so that it was quite easy to distinguish him—had sat down, someone else would have had to have stood up. The four unsanctified companions, especially the grey-bearded patriarch at the tiller, looked as if the motion of the boat was disagreeable. Altogether it was a very poor painting, but St. Petroc was fine. He had a fine resolute face and was pointing towards the position of the harbour. To my imagination he was the Explorer, Columbus and Captain Cook and Shackleton. A fine patron for a sea town. Padstow means the place of Petroc. The beautiful square-towered church is his and so also the church of Little Petherick, little Petroc's, inland, and further afield the church of Bodmin where his monastery taught religion and agriculture for centuries until the Dissolution.

I know little of the rest of the history of Padstow. It may be that there is little to know. Drake sheltered there with his ships on his way to the West Indies, and I have already told of the epic contest between the Hobby Horse and Napoleon. There is one later incident to be recorded. A Padstow skipper thirty years ago employed a deck-hand who was not a native of the town. He came to live in it no one knew whence. He was a useful, well-liked youth, popular with his mates and reliable. After some years he went no one knew whither. Some years later, this same skipper, still in his hazardous calling, but now made a hundred times more hazardous by-

war, was running a tramp steamer up the Cornish coast when a submarine came to the surface and shelled the ship. In the danger of a rising sea they had to take to the boat expecting to see their home scuttled before their eyes. They passed close to the submarine when a voice through a megaphone hailed them. "Well, Captain, you were always a good skipper to me. You taught me all the weather conditions and currents hereabouts. You had better get back to the ship and I'll see you past Stepper safe." His former deck-hand was commanding the submarine.

There are hundreds of ports and villages with more eventful histories and anecdotes. They are of value to the onlooker like the architecture of temples which hints at the worship within. They hint at the growth of Christian kindness and humility, our English qualities—courage and vision, humour and unwillingness to take offence, patience and the wish for justice for all men, persistence in fulfilling duty, and stubbornness in adversity, qualities that we may not permit to perish.

It is a pity that local historians so seldom treat their studies as illustrations of the growth of character, and English character too. Often the interest is directed only on the distant past and the importance of the centuries in which the parts were related to the whole is forgotten. Thus have come disintegrating movements, resurrections of little nationalisms, revivals of the Cornish language, Eisteddfods and Gorseddus and suchlike hocus-pocus. The Cornish antiquary, Charles Henderson, whose rooms as an undergraduate at Oxford I shared, was, fortunately for the county, altogether free from this narrowness. If he had lived, Cornwall might have been spared some stupidity. As yet there is not, I think, a Cornish Nationalist Party in alliance with the Welsh. When that arrives, we shall

have to start one for Kent. After all, Canterbury was a capital city before London. Cæsar described the Cantii as the most civilized of the Britons. And after that it would be easy to attain the ideal of the Heph-tarchy again. Narrowness is an easy mistake for the historian and antiquary just as for the politician or the seeker of beauty. The Englishman with his gifts of sympathy and tolerance should be catholic.

## TWO

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### CALSTOCK

'ONCE AGAIN  
DO I BEHOLD THESE STEEP AND LOFTY CLIFFS,  
THAT ON A WILD SECLUDED SCENE IMPRESS  
THOUGHTS OF MORE DEEP SECLUSION.'

WORDSWORTH.

SHORTLY BEFORE THE WAR my father moved from Padstow and we went to live at Calstock, a wide scattered parish on the borders of Devon. It is covered with relics of past mining for tin and copper and tungsten, derelict shafts and overgrown slag heaps. During the War a little mining was started again for tin and wolfram, but afterwards, I believe, it ceased altogether. It was, and still is, a good place for growing fruit. I remember being very impressed by seeing strawberries and cherries going away by train-loads.

The Rectory, perched on a hill-side, overlooked the Tamar winding beneath the Morwell Rocks, a cliff of steep crags miraculously covered with trees. This was on the Devonshire side and in the estate of the Duke of Bedford who had the fishing rights in the river. It was glebe land down and across the water meadows, and I hoped, illegally, to catch a salmon. But I never saw one. I do not think they came down the stream so far. The river is tidal for about two miles further up to the bridge at Gunnislake, one of the Tamar bridges which in the fourteenth century, in

the words of Charles Henderson, 'first proudly strode across the water meadows.' The house was a typical Cornish rectory, beautifully situated with a lovely outlook and fair to look at. It was far too big and had a mass of out-buildings and was generally in a bad state of repair. To understand it, all ideas of gas or electricity have, of course, to be discarded. Such things were still quite unknown in country rectories. We had our own water supply. It came from an adit in the wood, or rather jungle, which was all the property of the Rectory of Calstock. Unfortunately, the adit being at a lower level than the house, the water most unkindly refused to flow and so every morning had to be coaxed by a hand pump up to the tank on the roof. After every fortnight's fine weather it ceased altogether, and water had to be brought in a cart every day from the village a mile away down a steep hill. As children we somehow survived the lack of baths.

The drainage also was a trifle defective. My mother having little sense of smell this was considered of small moment until my father, clad in pyjamas and his cassock, narrowly missed falling into the open cesspit at two o'clock on a rainy morning. He was chasing cows. The fences round that huge garden were continually collapsing and so the ejection of cattle and horses from flower borders and rose beds was for children a common enjoyment.

We kept a car. The first one at Padstow had been a second-hand Darracq which went when once you started it. Starting cars in those days, except for the Herculean, was apt to dislocate wrists. The parish of Calstock is a very scattered affair with villages and mission churches three and five miles off. To take early services in them my father had to rise well before dawn in the winter and engage in titanic

struggles with sleepy machinery. Most of the hills are precipitous and every ascent and descent was an adventure. During the War we had an air-cooled two-cylinder, one cracked, engine. The oil pump was broken and we substituted a cream spoon which the passenger next the driver was expected industriously to employ. It used to get very hot at every steep hill. Smoke would come out through the floorboards which became unbearable for the feet. It frequently looked like bursting into flames, but when once the car was going no one would ever think of deliberately stopping it. The policeman at Calstock knew it well, not after the manner of police to-day, but with constant willing assistance with tow-rope and cream spoon.

The garden and lands of the Rectory were terrific, the jungle with the adit, the steep hill-side quite uncultivated, the apple and cherry orchards little cared for. For those few years in that garden and exploring the fantastic country of valleys and old mines, of the Tamar and the fruit orchards, I was happier and more enlightened than for twenty years afterwards. It is very different from Padstow and to me it could not be the loveliest ; but it is the sort of country that also makes our English Character. It is an unexpected country-side with twists of the river and sudden changes in the landscape. Its beauty, half obscured, faces you from moorland and water meadow, cherry orchard and tree-covered cliff. You have to adapt yourself quickly to its many phases if you are to know it. It is a difficult country to find your way in, for you have to meet many changes of direction and circumstance to reach home. You must get a sense of direction and persistence to be happy in it. It is rainy and often misty, so that sometimes you cannot see very far. But always, as so often



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in England, even in its more depressing aspects there is something beautiful scarcely hidden which gives to Englishmen their practical mysticism, which makes a religious ideal the motive of so much English action, and which makes 'Lead, Kindly Light' a great English hymn.

With the coming of the War a great deal more of the Rectory land was cultivated. Home for the holidays I hoed potatoes. We kept goats. There were at first three Nannies—the harem of one Billy, called, regardless of sex, Huppin, Muppin, and Ard after the three sons of Benjamin. All children over the age of twelve should keep goats. They have to be tethered every day by a chain to a stake, and, being delicate animals, have to be taken in at night and when it rains. They will eat practically anything. Rough undergrowth, dock, and thistles disappear before them. The prejudice against them is really absurd. Though slightly stronger in taste than cows' milk, their milk is perfectly good if a little water is added. It is completely immune from tuberculosis. Not the most enthusiastic lover of cows can resist Gruyère cheese. Educationally they are better than most pets because kept with care even on the roughest ground they will make a profit. Ours multiplied exceedingly. One of them had triplets, the weakest of which my sister brought up on a bottle in the house. A most fascinating, lovely little animal, it went out for walks like a dog. In some ways goats are possessed with devils. In an incredibly short time they can wear through the links of a thick chain and then no hedge or fence can deter their capricious wanderings. Try to take two in at once and they will race around you tugging in opposite directions until your legs are wound tight with the chain, and, with Cornucopia and Capricorn at rest, will advance upon the rear.

### THREE

---

## LANCING AND THE ARMY

'ANGUSTAM AMICE PAUPERIEM PATI  
ROBUSTUS ACRI MILITIA PUER  
CONDISCAT.'

HORACE.

MY EDUCATION WAS strictly traditional. The schools I went to were the kind the sons of the Intelligentsia repudiate and profess themselves ashamed to acknowledge. Indeed in advanced studios and drawing-rooms I should have to blush and disclaim the status of an educated man.

When I was nine I went as a boarder to a Preparatory School on the edge of Dartmoor. Preparatory Schools now are particularly disliked by education-alists. Do not they exist for private profit and snobbery? Maybe, but perhaps if we try to be unbiased, there may be some advantage for young boys to live together in beautiful houses and the country in an atmosphere of health and good behaviour. And if a father is prepared to pay money to send his sons to such places rather than they should run to drab day schools along the graceless streets, does he really deserve the title of 'snob'?

My old head master at Okehampton later moved to Bath, where the school failed. I have known many good Preparatory Schools fail, which suggests that the private profit motive may be exaggerated. It was a good school. I have taught in Preparatory Schools

and been in contact with many, and I can testify from experience that there is at least as much genuine idealism to be found in them as in any other schools, and that the intellectual standards of the boys when they leave are high. In my own case some little tree of the love of wisdom was there planted in me whose roots must have been pretty strong, for it survived alive the icy blasts of four years at Lancing.

I went to Lancing in the ominous month of January 1914. It was very cold. The authorities, at that time, had a mania for fresh air. In the house-room where we had to live and work a large fire was kept up, around which the privileged only had leave to congregate; the younger and weaker were confined to sit on benches by the open windows through which the hot air rushed and the cold east winds over the downs beat in. For doing mental work unaided it was too cold.

The dormitories in shape were like the interior of a London Tube. The beds faced each other with the heads to the walls beneath the continuous windows. Throughout the winters the wind blew through, and our pillows were often drenched in the mornings with rain or snow. Each morning, after plunging for our health's sake into cold water, before breakfast we attended our unheated class-rooms and then stood in lines in the wind in the cloisters to await the feast. Twice a day we attended chapel, in that vast gaunt barn—an unfinished replica of a French cathedral, which we were bidden to admire. I have heard the story that the founder of the school insisted on the present site of the chapel against the advice of the architects, who desired to place it lower down where the foundations could more easily reach the chalk. But he had dreamed of it there and there it is, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Nicholas, patron of sailors and children;

a landmark along the coast of Sussex, and the shrine of the school. Its background of wind-swept chalk downland, bare and unfriendly, is not that of a French cathedral. In its unfinished state its height has always seemed to my eyes far too great for its size. The impression the exterior made, and still makes upon me, is one of desolate malignity. As for the interior, its supposed glory the great height, only added to the extreme coldness, which was enhanced by bottle-green glass in the windows. 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will refresh you,' was not the part of the Christian evangel that Lancing stressed.

There was a school rule that all should change and play games every afternoon except Sundays, framed under the mistaken notion that fatigue of body reduced adolescent eroticism. I remember in my first week being driven by 'whippers-in' across miles of down in a snow-storm to 'Dead Man's Barns.' I knew not that that place of death housed the altar of chastity.

Readers may know and love the Sussex Downs. Their chalk buttresses rising above Lancing, bare and colourless and fruitless with rings of bitten trees, always still suggest Death to me—the desolation of a wilderness without its size or its silence. Years after I left school I had a dream, such as all of us have seldom in our lifetime, not such as puffs away into the light of waking consciousness, but remains for ever clear in the memory. These are the dreams that come to us from the horn and not the ivory gate. I dreamed that I was dead. With all my faculties awake I saw my body lying. And it was the body of a wretch abandoned by his comrades of a caravan in central Asia. I knew this, for the land in which I lay was like the Sussex Downs at Lancing, and to lie in

this country was, for me, to be deserted by men and life and God.

This Spartan regime was far too severe. But most would have thriven under it but for the intervention of the War, when our food became scarce and changed from plain to quite bad. We were often cheerful. It is extraordinary what people will accept as normal.

Throughout the winter of 1915-1916 I was ill. No one recognized the fact because I would not register the appropriate temperature, which was the one and only passport to medical treatment. A continuous pain in my side which I know now was a dry pleurisy was not investigated. The school was, of course, like all other corporate institutions at the time staggering under immense difficulties. Food and fuel were difficult to get, and most of the masters were at the front and their places filled with the aged and with Belgian refugees. Discipline was collapsing; except in the O.T.C., where most rightly and proudly we underwent a thorough and rigorous military training.

I ceased to exert myself with study, which for an older boy was quite easy. We were often told at that time that 'education was a preparation for life'; which it is not. So many of us eased our consciences with the silly argument that, as so many people were killed within six months or a year after leaving school, the expenditure of so much energy for the benefit of such a time was somewhat disproportionate. The real reason, I believe in my own case, was an unconscious physical revolt against further strain and the imperious demand of the nerves for rest, vetoing the concentration of the mind. At any rate, I left school superficially healthy in body though not in spirit.

I do not wish to attack my Public School. The mistake, which cost many of us great damage, was to

continue the peace-time rigour with the added strain of the War, coupled with an unavoidable lack of good food. Such criticisms as I have made apply not to principles but to the times. I owe much to Lancing and its system because it did try to teach just the things that our State education to-day does not, that courage is a virtue, that comfort is really of little importance, that personal consideration should not be expected, and that worship should be the centre of life.

. . . . .

During the autumn and winter of 1918 I was an officer Cadet in the Training Battalion at Newton Ferrers in South Devonshire. We were a mixed lot, mostly old N.C.O.'s and men from the 'Inns of Court' O.T.C. and 'Artists' Rifles.' It was a true 'Leadership School' with many elements of permanent value for educationalists to consider. I thought at the time how ironic it was to compare the efficiency and the humanity of this education for Death with the muddle and spite of the 'preparation for life,' I had just left. No doubt I shall be charged with having a militarist mind.

We were given from the beginning positions of responsibility and command, and were expected to be proud of ourselves. The discipline that we bore and inflicted on each other, and our work, was hard, but we lived like lords on plenty of food, unlike anyone else at that time, and could do anything. The tastiest dish we knew and the most conducive of mirth was the army stew. No man has fully lived who has not eaten it, for it contained all the tea leaves, potato peelings, button polish, and crusts that are necessary to salvation, and enough calories and vitamins to satisfy the fussiest of dieticians. We met



at mess for the evenings in 'glad rag' uniform, and even we 'temporary gentlemen' were expected to conform to the code of courtesy and graceful conduct, which, with hard living, is the reward of aristocratic life.

I have read much of the brutalizing effect on character of military training. Certainly the consideration and good fellowship offered to me, a young 'rookie,' by those who for years had been in 'the mill' gives little evidence for it. The ferocious noises we were made to utter at bayonet drill failed, I fear, to make us criminals. I was more fortunate than a friend of mine who within a week of leaving Harrow for the Honourable Artillery Company found himself one of an execution squad at the Tower for one of Carl Lodi's subordinates.

In September of that year there were numbers of wasp nests round the parade ground. When we stood at attention in the mornings the wasps used to settle around our perspiring faces and ears and sometimes crawl down our necks and sting, particularly at any sharp movement to the word of command. Woe betide anyone who noticed them! All N.C.O.'s took a horrid delight watching for any movement of hand or head against the beasts.

The Regimental Sergeant-Major was an old Guardsman who had been terribly wounded. He had an artificial arm and had been shot through the jaw. It was sometimes impossible to recognize his words of command and this made him mad with rage. Or more probably he enjoyed the pretence. He used to have a drummer to give the time for the step from a metronome ticking away on a stand. When he was not satisfied he would put it up to an impossible rate and we used to fall about over each other trying to keep up with it, and he used to bellow and enjoy

himself. He looked a magnificent man and was doing his duty under terrible circumstances.

Beneath the huts lived families of rats. Occasionally they succeeded in coming up through the floors at night. We most of us had a horror of them on our beds, and the least unwarranted sound produced a fusillade of boots which generally connected with each other. It was my ambition to kill one with a bayonet, but people did not like its use in the dark. A lot of cats were imported to deal with them, and these grew to a tremendous size and became almost as unpleasant as the rats themselves.

Armistice Day was unforgettable. I was Company Orderly-Sergeant that day, and very pleased with myself. It was curious how unexpected the Armistice was. We had all got so used to the War, and all we were doing was preparation for a 1919 campaign. Like many boys of eighteen I had a secret foolish hope to see some of the end of it, a hope not expressed to older soldiers. This vain feeling was altogether swallowed in the great volume of relief. On 10th November there were sceptical rumours, and the band was up all night to wake us at any news. But nothing came, and most men went despondently on parade in the morning. Our whole Company was on the parade ground when we heard no formal announcement, but the cheering and the universal sound of motor horns and sirens from Plymouth, ten miles away. A sort of sigh and sense of relaxation passed along the ranks. We did not break our formations as we had expected to do, but marched off, all out of step, and arms anyhow, and saying silly things to each other. In recollection it is far more impressive than any scene of jubilation.

The country around the camp was very beautiful, but more orthodox than the Tamar Valley at Cal-

stock. Broad streams flow down from Dartmoor to the sea by wooded hill-sides. The trees are the greatest glory. Mountains and deserts, we have seen, have been the places of inspiration for mankind. Beneath the trees also, where light itself takes on the intimate shape of the leaves, and it is possible to realize a harmony between the rhythms of the body, the breathing and circulation of the blood, with the pulsations of the sap in the branches, there have been moments of vision that have changed history. Beneath the Juniper tree Elijah ate the angel's food with which he went unhungry forty days, and beneath the Bôdhi tree Prince Siddartha passed his temptation and attained Wisdom. Particularly have our wooded river banks suggested a more homely and more human teaching to us, the Wye below Tintern Abbey and that river bank in Arden by which the melancholy Jacques did moralize.

I used to walk out to the high cliffs and watch the sea where the Yealm flowed out and down to Start Point. I began to read poetry, Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth, misunderstanding a lot. But as one of her sons in arms and in that Devonshire country, it was a fitting time and place first to listen to the voice of England. A great poet does not write of himself. He is a 'vates,' a prophet, a voice of an oracle. But the song is the song of the Muse, the goddess, the nobleness of man's minds that forms the personality of a Nation.

With poetry ringing in my head, I went up to Oxford in 1919. Naturally I decided to read English. My alternative would have been 'Greats,' and unfortunately I was still in revolt against the drudgery of Lancing. My decision was the wrong one. The great stream of our Literature flows from two main sources, and the greater rolls gently along from the

Alpheus and the fountain of Arethusa. The other cataract from the countries of the North carries less volume. The Greek Drama is a better background to Shakespeare than the Mystery Plays. The style of Milton is better studied with Latin than with Anglo-Saxon. Even the Traditional-Progressive ideals of Conservatism, the political legacy of Burke, are better loved with a knowledge of Burke's master, Cicero. It is no part of English patriotism to seek a northern isolation, or for English culture to deny its ancient masters.

I was probably lazy in wishing to avoid the more rigorous and accurate learning, but I found the rest I had had during 1918 had not restored my power of concentration. I was unable to study for great lengths of time and this angered me. Indeed, I did not really regain my full health and power until 1925, when I had a violent illness and discarded the poisons from my system.

I do not suggest that the strain of the War upon me was comparable to that upon most. I believe that schoolboys of the War years, to consider but one class, experienced ill adjustments and discomforts throughout the twenties. In Germany, where youths in the labour camps and especially in the Leadership Schools, the most important of the Nazi institutions, are put to great strain, and certain essential foods are inadequate, and where, with the Nazi attacks upon many old beliefs and Christianity itself, in many hearts there is also a spiritual struggle, it may be that similar trouble will come; not soon, but perhaps after a number of years among the leaders of the nation. I do not know. There are other things, and conditions there may improve. Man's nature, however, can endure over long periods practically anything, and his nerves stand almost any strain. But

some time for refreshment is always demanded. It may not be for years, but the longer it is postponed, the longer will it be. Particularly is this true at adolescence.

During the War, I suppose, few men endured more, physically and spiritually, than Lawrence of Arabia. He was the greatest Englishman of his generation, combining the great qualities of mind and action, of courage and wisdom which are our chief glory. He is an example for all English boyhood, and no one should grow to manhood without learning something of him. His spirit was twenty years sick. The necessity of lying fallow is, I think, particularly true of Englishmen. Throughout the 1920's England was lying fallow. There were many symptoms of her sickness, chiefly the lack of Faith which took form as Pacifism and an Internationalism that denied her native virtues. And the greater qualities seemed difficult to find. It may be that Nations, as men, have their 'nights of the soul.' There are many signs of recovery particularly to be seen in English boys. But other people think we are still sinking and not slowly rising to a new surging wave. That is why Mr. Eden's most honourable work should gain him the title in History of the Fabius Maximus of his age who 'cunctando restituit rem.'

There is a poem by John Maschfield called 'Right Royal,' which tells of a steeplechase. Right Royal, the horse, falls at an early fence, and the leaders are far in the distance. Charles, the rider, rides the race in bitterness, and simply sits on his horse and rides and hopes, that so the others in front will 'come back' to him. That is how many have had to act in the past years, to sit still and ride and hope that the horses out of sight would come back. And now they are coming back.

## FOUR

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### OXFORD

'THE REST THE UNIVERSITY OFFERS TO HER RETURNING SONS.'  
LORD HALIFAX.

THE FIRST FEW MONTHS in 1919 after demobilization were a time of anti-climax. Most youths and school-boys discovered with dismay that a short life and a gay one was no longer the prospect, and that the old and irritating question, 'What are you going to be?' was really important.

In my own case disillusionment began from the day of demobilization. We had to go to Salisbury Plain for our dismissal, and were hilarious with a forced gaiety and determined to spend no unnecessary time in camp. When we were free we wandered to a deserted wayside station to find there were no more trains that day. Eventually my companions held up and boarded a goods train down the line. Rattling through the station among milk cans, they all shouted at me standing in actual and metaphorical gloom on the platform, and I flung my kit-bag and jumped among the clattering cans. I was hurt, and at Salisbury got slightly drunk and arrived home the following day green and yellow with jaundice. My identification papers were lost, and without them, in those rationing days, it was impossible to buy anything to eat. I had not the least idea what to try to do with life. Vagueness and my discovery of poetry sent me to Oxford.

The four years I spent as a schoolboy at Lancing were abnormal, and the three immediate post-war years at Oxford were almost equally so. In proportion to ex-soldiers and sailors the number of undergraduates straight from the schools was small. The average age of my own college, Exeter, was nearly thirty. It consisted mostly of men whose studies had been interrupted by the War and of men with 'Government grants' given at demobilization. Many of them bore fresh in their bodies the marks of the struggle. How silently through History has Oxford adjusted herself to each generation and many wild changes and retained all the values of the past and the philosophies she teaches. In her wisdom she granted degrees to her exhausted sons after 'shortened courses,' and her teaching gave tranquillity rather than tasks.

Lawrence of Arabia, greatest of her 'returning sons,' was at All Souls writing the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. The post-war *malaise* was not yet apparent as a demoralization. It is true that Beverley Nichols, a Liberal then, I believe, became President of the Union, but the debates were very dull. The advent of the bumptious was not yet. The advanced guard of futility was shortly to come.

I have heard that at Oxford now all are 'changed,' but perhaps there is much beneath that is *la même chose*. The Oxford Movement then still suggested Newman and Keble and implied a belief in worship and humility. We did not 'group' ourselves, and at least had the courage of reticence to keep our adolescent stresses and troubles to ourselves. Nor did we put the responsibility for our acts upon the Almighty and describe as God's guidance our lack of thought and responsibility. Nor was a 'quiet time' the necessary prelude to decision.

Lord Curzon reigned as Chancellor and Doctor

Farnell, Rector of Exeter, ruled as Vice-Chancellor. We knew not that these Olympians squabbled. With two such men it was inevitable. Doctor Farnell used to call himself a typical don, which, with his wide unspecialized knowledge of men and affairs and an active past, he was not. To him fell the unpleasant duty of adjusting discipline to a changing situation. It was impossible to insist on the details of gownship for ex-colonels, but with the later arrival of schoolboys regulations had to be reinforced. He took his administrative duties seriously to heart and became very forgetful. He was teaching me logic at that time—for which I feel nothing but the greatest gratitude—and every week I reached his study I had to spend a quarter of an hour explaining who I was, and that I had neither just taken a Degree nor arrived for the first time in the college.

There was no 'shortened course' for me. My time alternated between delight and distress at my lack of concentration. I spent longer in the libraries than at lectures, and longer just wandering about looking at buildings and the country in winter and on the river in a punt in the summer. It was probably a better education than I imagined. My reading was wide but unrelated. I used to go to the Sunday evening concerts at Balliol and drank beer at the 'Blue Pig.' Alas, the modern young intellectuals are tectotallers. The site of the 'Blue Pig' is now a car park. Oxford might almost as well have sacrificed 'Tom Tower.'

At that time there were two important changes made to fit a changing world. Greek became no longer a compulsory subject in Responsions and Women were admitted to full membership of the University. The decision on Greek has proved a disaster and means its gradual disappearance and



consequently an intellectual drop all round, especially from the loss of its power of unifying all knowledge.

It is curious that Greek should disappear at a time when we are rediscovering how close reason is related to language. We cannot now treat reason as a common quality of the human race, because we now know that it is far more closely related than our ancestors suspected to our will and our prejudices and our inherited subconscious beliefs. We are more prone than we suspected to accept, even as logical, just those conclusions that satisfy these things. Even more so, we now know, is our reasoning affected by the idiom and metaphor of language. 'Language is the greatest endowment of man.' Without it he is as the other animals, for language makes reasoning possible. The Greek was right to use the one word *Logos* for thought and its expression. So the confusion of the Tower of Babel is even greater than men dreamed. 'Science and the arts know no frontiers.' We now find that they know very considerable frontiers, and the frontiers of philosophy and literature are marked by great gulfs passable by the adventurous but certainly not along the crazy bridges of translation. Greek philosophy is the common ancestor of all the deepest European thought. It has even been said that 'all subsequent philosophy is nothing but a commentary on Plato.' So it might be thought that our internationalists would not have neglected such a means of escape from the limitations of a native tongue, and by a knowledge of an accurate and subtle medium help to the understanding of the deepest thoughts of others. Even now it could be made alternative to the less valuable Latin. With Greek, after two or three years, a boy can read Plato to whom in later years many would return; with Latin the literary reward of three or four years' effort is too often barren. For a

four- or five-years' course such as is usual in the Secondary Schools now, the case for Greek as the classical language is overwhelming.

Particularly for England is the loss of Greek unfortunate, coincident as it is with the rejection of Christianity in Education. For the English Tradition is itself a kind of Hellenism. Unlike the younger, and accordingly harder, more Latin spirited nations of Europe, England can offer to the world the Hellenic and ever-living qualities of her maturity, Wisdom, and Restraint, and Tolerance. And it is good that even youth should be shown the value of such things. But ironically under the guidance of a great University, Education has rejected the humanity and humane-ness of Hellenism for the 'Scientific Method.' For when Christianity and Hellenism are gone that is all there is left in Education. And the 'Scientific Method' is a narrowing of Man's Spirit and produces the barren intellectualism and pride of such as of the Fascist Disciple. Oxford particularly also, because of her Rhodes Scholars, has the task of passing on in continuity to the newer nations of the Dominions European and English culture. And if the highest intellectual values are unrecognized in New Zealand, Oxford is in some way responsible. And Hellenism and the Platonic philosophy is the chief origin of the highest intellectual values in European culture.

At the risk of an apparent digression I must stress this, for it is the function of the Universities to relate the wisdom of the past with the thought and life of to-day and the future. And they, more than the Board of Education, are responsible for what is taught in schools. And by continuing to keep Science—that is, Science in the narrow sense of textbook Chemistry and Biology—as the chief Educational basis they are

mistaken and unconcerned with the trend of modern thought—that is true—of their own great teachers such as Professor Whitehead at Cambridge.

One of the results of the importance attached to Science is the number of subjects in all modern curricula, many unconnected with each other and with no relating principle. For Science is essentially separative and analytical; and that is an explanation of the material success of applied Science, for its genius is to select arbitrarily elements and materials for its immediate purposes. And this Science will continue successfully to do. But we live no longer in a 'Scientific Age,' for it is recognized everywhere that the arbitrary isolation of cause and effect gives an untrue conception of reality. We have but to examine the agendas of the Royal Society itself, where most of the papers now read are of not true Scientific importance at all, to see the change occurring.

The future development of Man's thought and power is not in the study of phenomena in isolation but in the recognition of the rhythms of all dynamic processes of the universe and their harmony, as it were by the mathematical co-ordination of their graphs. For example, Medicine will consider diseases less by themselves but more in relation to the whole life and its seasons. And the whole life is to be considered in relation to occupation and environment and the rhythms of nationality and climate. The somewhat odd agricultural methods of Rudolf Steiner in Germany are based on these ideas and almost suggest a return to primitive sympathetic magic and astrology as flourished in the Stoic, earlier Monism. So Spengler interprets History as an ebb and flow of cultures for which he seems to suggest cosmic causes. Even the Dialectical Materialism of Marx detected rhythm of struggle in Man's social development—the same

rhythm of struggle by which, according to the Hegelian Triad, man advances to higher truth.

The true scientific basis for this is Einstein's hypothesis of 'Space Time' interrelating all that occurs; which (with the Quantum Theory) can, I believe, be regarded as a demonstration that Creativity—Professor Whitehead's word—is a rhythmic process.

The Women at Oxford were not a distraction in those days. It is impossible that any English University ever could resemble the popular idea of co-educational colleges. Even in America their existence is beyond credence. Unfortunately co-educational schools for children to the age of nineteen, deplorable places where 'kissing is against school rules,' seem to be increasing in the country. Kissing often is against school rules elsewhere but continues none the less, and often surreptitiously. It is not for anyone to deprive youth of 'Love's dream,' but schools should be for other purpose. If, on the contrary, familiarity breeds contempt and they all grow up like brothers and sisters without shyness and without mystery, by what right do we give the minds of eunuchs to English boys?

With their new privileges most Oxford women were very earnest and very determined to show the equality, if not superiority, of the feminine intellect. They attached more value to a degree than to the study to attain it, and their conception of the value of Oxford was a very narrow one. They attended as many lectures as possible and assiduously scribbled notes without any discrimination. Sir Walter Raleigh used, maliciously and solemnly, to get them to take down irrelevancies. My own tutor, Thomas Seccombe, then a very old man, very much objected to women at his lectures, and very many women used to go to them. He used to try to get rid of them by telling the slightly indecent story of the bull in *Tristram Shandy*. As he

told it in such a way that no one could see the point, it was quite ineffective.

Sir Walter Raleigh presided over the English School. No teacher more than he ever gave more to his pupils or opened more windows to far horizons. He had a great power of humanizing the dullest authors and of showing beneath the most inadequate stuff the intentions and the spirit. Suggestions for study and exploration far beyond the bounds of any 'subject' are in my mind still after twenty years. Education to him was not working for a degree but a life-long activity in which thought and action were one. My chief debt to him is the conception of the ideal Englishman, which I have tried always to keep before me, in whom action is a generous inevitable result of meditation, and meditation is no emotional passivity but based on reason 'in her highest mood' and the wisdom of the past.

Oxford throughout the ages has never been 'the home of lost causes' but with foundations and reforms has given her ancient wisdom to each generation. The Nuffield Foundations are the latest adjustments. So also is the Oxford Society. In the time of our ancestors the Oxford years were the mountains crossed in youth, and in the subsequent crossing of the plain the peaks behind were always visible. But now the plain is partly desert, partly jungle, and the mountains often disappear. With the Oxford Society the University endeavours to keep contact with her departed graduates. I would suggest she could serve them even better and do more for an Intellectual England if more returned to her colleges and libraries. It is probably a question more for the colleges jealous of their individual entities. But they might well, without loss financial or other, during the third of the year they are mostly empty, receive their older graduates to study and rest again within their walls.

## FIVE

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### FALMOUTH

‘WHAT LEAF-FRINGED LEGEND HAUNTS ABOUT THY SHAPE  
OF DEITIES OR MORTALS OR OF BOTH?’

KEATS: ‘ODE TO A GRECIAN URN.’

I SPENT ALL MY OXFORD vacations at Falmouth where my father was now Rector. This was foolish, as I soon realized that serious reading was unlikely among distracting relatives. But at that time I lacked the initiative to depart alone for adventure or study.

Falmouth is an enervating place. So I spent days of pacific idleness bathing from the rocks and beaches. For the beauty that was there led more to picnicking than to meditation. I used to wander much along the cliffs and go by boat to the district of the Lizard, to the ‘beauty spots,’ Kynance and Mullion, where the rocks are black serpentine and the sea more blue in the distance and sunlight than anywhere in England, and clearer and more illuminating in the pools and shallows. H. S. Tuke, R.A., lived then near Falmouth in a cottage on a cliff beyond Swanpool, and we used to watch him sailing up and down the coast in his yellow yacht, the *Flamingo*, in search of little bays and coves in which to paint the light on these waters with the naked bodies of boys on the rocks above them. Later, living at Whitstable I am able in memorial imagination to contrast the light on that clear water with the subtler loveliness of the grey

or golden light shining on the shallows and mud flats stretching out across the Swale to Sheppey, a beauty that a greater painter, Turner, saw and revealed.

Falmouth Bay is a lovely sweep of a Mediterranean or almost Pacific nature. I have spent many days sailing across it and fishing for mackerel. It is a lazy pastime trailing two lines as you sail and pulling them in periodically. If you get in a shoal you are tempted to catch far too many. Mackerel are a delicacy and I can never now pass them dank in a fishmonger's window with the rainbow departed from their scales without pity and disappointment. For fried and eaten within an hour of capture and life, they are worthy rivals of the trout, the grey mullet, or the salmon.

The sweep of the Bay extends from the Manacles to Pendennis Castle, two fitting and romantic guards. The Manacles are a row of half-submerged rocks and the cause of numerous wrecks. On the farthest from the shore is now a warning bell which tolls in the swell. There should, I feel, be some stories about this bell. The only reference to it in literature, so far as I know, is the occasion where the resourceful Tinker, thrown to the fishes from the criminal steamer, swam desperately towards the sound of a supposed funereal bell to find his deathless master, Sexton Blake, clinging to the rock.

The most disastrous foundering on the Manacles was that of a troopship bound for the Peninsular campaign. The bodies of the soldiers are buried in haphazard fashion in the churchyard of St. Keverne on the headland. There is nothing to show where they lie and the gravedigger often still comes upon a body in a red coat. Two things have impressed him about these reminders of an old tragedy—the splendid character of the material of the uniforms that keeps

the memory red for a century beneath the ground of those who have long been forgotten by the world above ; and the extreme youth of the drummer boys and ensigns, children whose graves no mothers and fathers seem to have sought and for whom an ungrateful motherland set up no stones.

'In cauda mundi,' 'in the world's tail,' as a mediæval writer puts it, there is a mixing of the typically English and the exotic and odd. The churches built mostly on the heights like St. Keverne or the neighbouring Manaccan are typically English. They are almost all beautiful with square towers and large naves, too large for the population of their parishes. The size of English churches was the fact that lead Cobbet to the belief in a large mediæval population in England. But he was mistaken, for the churches were not built for the people but as houses for God.

But though the building of the churches was sane, the saints of the dedications are odd. Of the Cornish saints only two appear to have had any important or real existence, St. Petroc and St. David. And St. David seems somewhat under suspicion in exile from his native Wales. For he is always associated with a shadowy St. Nonna who may have been his mother or perhaps his wife, and whose title to sanctity is that she was a virgin ! Charles Henderson, living at that time close to me at Falmouth, told me a story of St. Keverne and St. Just to explain why there are two churches of St. Just near Falmouth. St. Just, from his church in Meneage on the Helford River, went to visit St. Keverne on the hill above, and there, being suddenly overcome with the lust of earthly things, stolc the chalice and ran away and was pursued by St. Keverne across the Bay and Harbour of Falmouth, where now lies the even lovelier village of St. Just-in-



Roseland. There is another saint, St. Neot, who really has nothing to do with the Falmouth district, his church being further up the county ; but he used to work a most peculiar miracle with fish. The bones and heads and tails of those he ate he used to throw into a tub of water where they assumed fresh flesh and scales in preparation for to-morrow's breakfast. He appears in the beautiful glass of his church with his fish tub. There also may be seen Adam dying in a four-poster bed and Noah wheeling a cask of ale up the gangway of the Ark.

Essentially English are all the little villages round the coast with the small grey stone cottages built, as at Coverack or Cadgwith, according to no planning on the cliffs and round the quays. And in the deep valleys up the reaches of the rivers are the tree-shaded villages with beautiful names, Gweek and Mawnan and Feock. And they are of more exotic beauty, with the profusion of the foliage, particularly when the fuchsia hedges round the garden plots are in bloom.

The district round Falmouth is known for its many lovely gardens and parks stretching down by vistas and lawns to beaches on the Helford or Truro Rivers. In spite of the crocuses, the daffodils and narcissi of every spring, their loveliness is not really English. From descriptions I have read, the gardens and parks of the Southern American States must closely resemble them. For they fulfil the saying that Cornwall can have no gardens but only shrubberies, and are masses of tropic and semi-tropic trees and bushes and flowering shrubs ; bamboos, palms and fern trees, rhododendrons, azaleas and hydrangeas. I have noticed how extraordinarily scarce are rose bushes, and I cannot explain it. It has been said that they will not flourish in the salt laden Cornish air, which is

nonsense. But it has been told me by a Cornish gardener that the bushes deteriorate rapidly after their third or fourth season. The name Roseland of the lovely district of the Harbour shore opposite Falmouth has nothing to do with roses.

One of the most famous of these gardens was not by the shores of a river but in the middle of Falmouth. It extended a long way, like an Eastern garden, from the back of a house that faced directly the road. It belonged to an old Quaker gentleman to whose whistle all the birds came down from the trees on to his hands and shoulders. And there was another garden, similar but small and not famous, by the edge of Swanpool—a reedy bird sanctuary separated like the fountain of Arethusa by a few yards from the sea. In it I have had tea with the robin hopping contented from butter-dish to cake. Swanpool's surroundings are now overgrown with bungalows.

Falmouth Harbour, I have heard it said, though I do not know with what truth, is in extent the third largest natural harbour in the world. Certainly there are great distances of deep water. And far up the Truro River almost as far as Malpas, where the tide reaches, ships of considerable tonnage can safely ride. In the twenties a large number of ships, many surrendered German vessels, tramps, and small liners were laid up there to decay. Their paint came off and their funnels rusted, and in autumn, particularly in the morning and evening light, they assumed a gold and copper harmony with the hazels and oaks of the banks. These ships, I think, symbolised in some way the bitterness of the fruits of our victory and the tiredness of the National spirit. Among them was the old *Implacable*, the magnificent old three-decker captured from the French in Nelson's day and given over likewise to rot and the rats. But she has been

restored to cleanliness and use as a training ship for boys, together with the clipper, *Cutty Sark*, which was brought at that time home again to Falmouth under a strange rig from her foreign masters.

It is a pity that more use is not made of this magnificent anchorage of harbour and river. The Great Western Railway once had a scheme for extending a line from St. Austell to the side of the harbour opposite Falmouth where the water close to the shore is deep enough for any ship and to build quays and docks and warehouses at St. Just-in-Roseland. Nothing came of the scheme because 'Falmouth was too far from London and the centres of industry'—a reason that seems a little ironic to-day, for in war-time, besides being a refuge for shipping, the harbour could be an ideal inlet for food and supplies and save a little the sailing of the narrow seas.

The first naval-minded king to consider the value and protection of Falmouth was Henry VIII. King Harry's Passage up the Truro River, where the ferry boat appropriately passed astern of the *Implacable*, commemorates still the great Uxorian's arrival. He built the two little fortresses on Pendennis Head and St. Mawes that guard the entrance to the harbour.

King Charles II is the other king most dear to Falmouth. What a pair for any town to take to its heart. Pendennis Castle held out for him until the spring of 1646 and was the last Royalist stronghold to surrender. At the Restoration Falmouth Church was built and dedicated to Charles the Martyr. The Governor of Pendennis shared Charles II's exile. At the Restoration his son, Sir Richard Killigrew, lived at Court, a Page of the King, and one of the gay disreputable company including Sedley and Rochester who wrote poetry and plays and shocked the Puritans and suggested Milton's 'Sons of Belial flown with

insolence and wine.' A typical English gallant, poet, and sailor, he patronized a company of players, and it was with his encouragement that a woman first appeared on the stage in a Shakespearean play, in *Othello* as 'Desdemona.' He was a representative of the privateering, semi-piratical Killigrews, whose Manor all Falmouth was. Their grey stone house, the scene of Raphael Sabatini's novel *Sea Hawk*, still stands near the harbour water, nearly lost in the surrounding streets. Unapproved Sir Richard Killigrew, the 'warlike brother on the seas,' was, but his sister, Mistress Anne, as painter and poetess, gained the esteem of Dryden, to whose 'pious memory' he wrote a beautiful Ode, calling her 'sweet saint.' Mistress Anne's native bay and harbour and streams were indeed a fitting nursery for a 'young probationer and candidate for Heaven.'

Glancing at the map of Cornwall a person is struck by the extent of the network of rivers that flow to Falmouth Harbour. Many of their windings and reaches I have sailed from deep water to the water lilies and swan nests. Flowing past farmland and woodland to the sea, more than most things, they reveal England. With their innumerable lights and shades and the villages up the misty backwaters, like others of the English rivers, they give the fancy that inland they lead to the romantic. And some of the Cornish rivers do in fact have their legendary and historic appeal. Up the Helford River lies Constantine, the scene of Q's novel. Its name, like that of the other Constantine on the north Cornish coast, comes from the last of the Eastern Roman Emperors, Constantine Paleologos, who himself lies buried by the banks of the Tamar. And the river from Fowey is one of the most romantic in the world, for it leads to Restormel Castle of the Earls of Cornwall, and near it

is the site of Castle Dore where Gorlois, King of Cornwall, dwelt and was murdered by Uther Pendragon, and his wife, Queen Igraine, became the mother of Arthur. Near-by, too, is Lalynt of King Mark. It is fortunate that no Cornish 'nationalists' have yet discovered it, for there Tristram and Iseult met in the woods. And to the little church of St. Samson of Golant they went to pray.

So from these English rivers, as well as from the valleys of Provence, sprang the legends and the first love story that woke the poetry of Modern Europe.

So far I have dwelt upon my own experiences which are my credentials for writing about my country, but I do not suggest that there has been anything unique in it. Rather, I have tried to show that the qualities and feelings conceived in individual minds by communion with the country-side are a part of the reality of England. I do not think it is possible to write 'De Re Publica' apart from an 'Apologia pro Vita.' Hence I have been led into some apparent and general digressions. I shall now try in a more general way to examine the conclusions of my own experience in relation to the community.

PART TWO

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THE ENGLISH TRADITION



## PATRIOTISM AND EDUCATION

THERE IS VERY GOOD REASON to be suspicious of the tourist industry in Cornwall. It encourages the cult of the Beauty Spot, not in itself undesirable but narrowing. It is bad when people, often living in beauty of which they are unaware, come long distances to admire what the Great Western Railway bids them. Beauty Spots are so often barren steep coast or uncultivated moor. I cannot be insensitive to their beauty, but not always have men seen the wastes beautiful. Before Claude, landscape was nothing but the background of the portrait. Nature herself was generally regarded unrelated to Life. The cultivated field, the ripe wheat, the ploughing team and cattle and trees, river meadow and orchard, the country of Virgil's *Georgics*, was the fairest subject for artist and poet. And about 1880 Thomas Hardy could write: 'The new Vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule; . . . The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the moods of the more thinking of mankind.'

Wordsworth taught us to love the mountains. Before the nineteenth century mountains were not considered beautiful. No one ever thought of going to the Alps for pleasure. They were an uncomfortable barrier to be passed as quickly as possible. It was



Englishmen who first desired to climb, and found the spiritual exultation of treading great summits. 'This was fitting for the race of the adventurers, because the adventures of the English are often their spiritual experiences, and mountains and snow wastes grant an insight and knowledge of values akin to the religious intuitions of the Hebrew prophets and Arab desert dwellers. It has found expression in our poetry, but not yet fully. When emotions of this kind have become part of the consciousness of a race and affect its activity, when they have been 'recollected in tranquillity' by some great Reason, only then, we have an Aencid or Divine Comedy.

Valuable though the cult of the desolate has been in directing and stimulating the English spirit of adventure, its effect has been narrow. The period of its ascendant was that of the decay of English Agriculture, and the waste and weeds have encroached upon our fields. It is tragic for one conception of what is right and beautiful to displace another traditional one. Let us always emphasize that one of the greatest of the English qualities should be and remain tolerance and breadth of sympathy.

To-day the desolate is becoming out of date, and the fashion is to claim that beauty is 'functional.' Particularly is this so among the advanced where it is usual in æsthetics as well as in politics for Progress to be a matter of jumping from one extreme to another. In Soviet Russia, so Miss Ethel Mannin tells us, the beauty of a cherry tree in blossom is regarded solely with reference to the prospective fruit! This is considered a return to ancient ways, and in antiquity the functional idea of both the good and the beautiful certainly was formulated.

All the disciples of Fraser, Professor Gilbert Murray, and the late Miss Jane Harrison particularly, have

emphasized that in primitive communities, so closely associated with the fruits and crops and lives of their animals, any appreciation of natural beauty was necessarily connected with sowings and harvest and the continuation of life. This is also true of the other so-called Platonic values, the True and the Good. It has been claimed, probably rightly, that the Greek word for Good, *ἀγαθός*, originally implied 'good to cat.' So even the 'loveliest spectacle there is,' Sophocles' *Colonus*, was beautiful because of the corn-fields of Eleusis and the worship of the corn-mother, Demeter, the wine from Dionysus' vineyards, and Athena's olive tree that 'feeds our children.'

These values with their functional meanings Plato made universals. Doing this he reconciles these apparently opposite conceptions. In the *Phædrus*, for example, he does not deny the truth of the accepted functional view but shows that men in using the term 'beauty' do accept a universal 'form' of Beauty, to which all beautiful things approximate. In the 'Laws' also he writes a lot about the influence of climate and geography and racial characteristics on the legal and political system of a community, and, at the same time, in his usual way, speaks of 'laws' as an imperfect attempt to express the universal 'Justice.' The Stoics and the Roman jurists built the Roman Law on this conception. In all the legal systems in the world there were some things in common. They gave examples: the sacredness of the persons of ambassadors and the obligation to declare war before aggression were two of them. And this was the 'Jus Gentium,' the Law of Nations, the best approach man could make to the 'Jus Naturale,' the Universal Equity, living in accordance with which man would fulfil his true 'function.' All European Law has been based on this. The first departure

from it, Sir Henry Maine writing in the last century emphasized, was made by German jurists in the eighteenth century, who took a far more particular view and defined Law as 'the expression of a nation's will to live.' That is to say, they denied that the functional and universal conceptions were reconcilable, to which there is the corollary that men must take sides. The effects of this in Nazi Germany to-day are too obvious to need comment.

Similar developments may also be seen in the idea of God. The primitive gods, it has now been frequently shown, were emanations from and personifications of the life of the crops and the herds. They took the form of the totem animals, became anthropomorphic and the expression of the tribe life, being represented on earth by divine kings. This was the functional idea of God. We know it to-day in a very crude form, 'He who serves Adolf Hitler, serves God.' Thus the voice of conscience, the 'Categorical Imperative' is explained as the force of the traditions and the will of society acting in the individual mind.

In the realms of conscience it is interesting, to take another classical example, to see a reconciliation between the functional and universal made where at first sight it would seem that the functional was the only adequate explanation. Virgil in the Fourth Book of the *Georgics* is writing of the beehive. The individual bees, like citizens, live and work and, like soldiers, are willing to die, they 'seek a beautiful death with wounds.' But though, while the integrating force is there, 'rege incolumi,' they are all acting as one organism, as cells of one mind and their hope is the immortality of the race, the poet finds this functional biological explanation evidence that they partake of a universal divine mind in which there is no place for death, 'nec morti esse locum.' This is

the basis of English patriotism and the Christian standpoint. It also gives a spiritual import to good Tradition.

If there is one thing that people of the Left reject it is Tradition. In the nineties all advanced thought was for extreme individual freedom. To-day, consistency not being a virtue, it is for complete State control. There is no more Patriotism or love of Tradition now than then, and the vices of extreme individualism persist. It is asserted that Nations, that England, has no real existence, that indeed it is loose to speak of 'England' as an entity with peculiar qualities because it is merely a conglomeration of individuals, farmers, industrialists, labourers, professors, and wives exactly like, in their lives and thinking, individuals anywhere else. As then England is an illusion, or perhaps at most a convenient arrangement for certain people, but with no moral values, it cannot claim a man's allegiance. With these premises the logical conclusion is Pacifism.

It is a great mistake to regard Pacifism as cowardice. It is a consistent creed, passionately held, but profoundly mistaken in that its adherents believe its increased adoption would bring good to the world, which, with so many values rejected, it never could do. We may see some curious results as our re-armament progresses with 'militant' Pacifism. Mr. Laurence Housman, the Pacifist leader, who was once prominent among the militant suffragettes and still sings the heroic deeds of that time, seems to desire their repetition. There have been isolated instances, one in which a young schoolmaster calculated, by some method discovered by himself, exactly what proportion of his income tax would be devoted to the defence of his country and deducted it from his payment. Refusing to pay the amount or the fine, he

was conveniently permitted to go to prison in the holidays so that he should be in no danger of losing his job. Presumably the martyr has now been restored to the faithful among his colleagues, and his pupils still derive benefits from his principles. In the teaching profession I have heard his action extolled and my contention that his action was fundamentally an immoral one is regarded as quite prejudiced. This type of individualist Pacifism is rampant in all scholastic circles. It is most unfortunate that any intellectual or ethical answer is so often withheld.

It is also a mistake to ignore it, because its passionate devotees are quite ready for their vague, distant ideal of quietude to betray their country. For example, many Pacifists vigorously oppose any kind of Air Raids Precaution, even such things as the evacuation of women and children, on the ground that it might allay panic; and they desire panic because, in their own words, 'with panic the Government could not prosecute the war.'

The historians of the twenty-first century may well consider one of the most momentous and disastrous occurrences of the early twentieth century was the continuous but almost unnoticed secularization of Education; and, with that rejection of the Christian Religion, the rejection of many of the values of our traditional civilization, patriotism, the conception of a gentleman, and the code of good manners. This is often quite deliberate. No longer is Western Civilization, based upon the philosophy and civic thought of Greece, the unifying statecraft of Rome, and the spiritual and ethical teaching of Christianity, and expressed and developed in an honourable and not unworthy way by English History and English writing, presented to our children to be developed and enriched with their lives. On the contrary, I think most

people teaching in our schools would emphatically deny that this was now a worthy object for Education. The 'up-to-date' educationalist agrees with the proposition of Mr. Aldous Huxley that the 'non-attached' state is the most valuable for a man, 'non-attached,' that is to say, to the prejudices and to the accepted loyalties and traditions. 'Patriotism has no place in the study of History.' 'It is not our place,' writes the editor of the *Assistant Masters' Association Journal*, 'to teach the Christian or any other religion.' I am anxious to state this view fairly, because I know it is of great import and it contains much that we must accept. To express it as a schoolmaster would. 'It is not our business to make efficient workmen or efficient administrators or good citizens or good Christians, but to educate children to a fuller intellectual life.'

At heart I do not think these two views to be irreconcilable, for they are the functional and universal conceptions of Good regarded from another angle. But to take only the more obvious objections to the modern theory, educationalists have served the future ill by taking such a narrow view. The intellectual life is the true educational aim, but the emphasis on the 'non-attachment,' as it is being understood, concludes with the denial of social virtues altogether. The intellectual life cannot be led in a vacuum or fully apart from Tradition. Such an individualist attitude seems to me completely to ignore most of the scientific and philosophic writings since Hegel, with their stress upon the interdependence of things. And most disastrous of all, this theory, as it is often stated, implies a distinction between the intellectual and the moral and spiritual.

What is the duty of politicians in this? I have known schoolmasters deny the right of a political

party to consider Education at all. This shows a curious conception of what a political party should be. Perhaps the ban is only on the Conservatives. Education is as important to the future of England as the Law. I have never met a lawyer who contended the Legislature should consist entirely of solicitors. It is the duty of the nation's representatives to reject any theory that would keep from the teaching of children the English ideals that are its life, and of all those who have charge of youth not to be deflected by the charge of propaganda from telling the worthiness of the past of England and the value of her character.

## SEVEN

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### THE CITY OF GOD

‘“DEAR CITY OF CECROPS,” SAITH THE POET. “SHALL WE NOT SAY, DEAR CITY OF GOD?”’

MARCUS AURELIUS.

THE STOICS USED TO TEACH that there were four cardinal virtues, Courage, Justice, Temperance, and Wisdom. They also held that Virtue was one and therefore these four were aspects of the same. Mr. Aldous Huxley calls Courage ‘one of the minor virtues.’ Possibly I am using the word with different connotation in my disagreement but I believe it marks a fundamental difference in two points of view.

It is surprising for some people to find Wisdom described as a moral virtue at all. This may be so because of the analytical habit of our minds which persists in considering even the qualities of the human soul in isolation, calling them intellectual, æsthetic, psychological, or physical, like a scientist taking what pleases him to put into test tubes. I do not think that any system of Education is satisfactory that does not treat Wisdom as moral and spiritual as well as intellectual. Early Christianity recognized this in the dedication of the churches to Sancta Sophia, the Holy Wisdom.

Mr. Huxley is here in agreement. He accepts the teaching taken from Buddhist philosophy of the ‘three ways’ by which men may attain their freedom



and enlightenment, the *bhakti-marga*, the way of worship, *kama-marga*, the way of duty, *jnana-marga*, the way of wisdom. The Buddhist philosophy urges the cultivation of that 'non-attachment' from all ties and other loyalties so that the devotee on his 'way' may, with utmost intentness, contemplate what is eternal. This 'non-attachment' Mr. Huxley finds of particular value.

It is interesting to note in a recent book on the Platonic philosophy that it is suggested that Plato was familiar with the Eastern idea of the 'three ways.' Indeed true education for Plato is the taking of the way of Wisdom. And that is the basis of his philosophy. So it is suggested. But it must not be forgotten that Plato bids the enlightened to 'return to the cave'; that politics and the welfare of the city were ever in his thought, and, in the ideal state, kings were philosophers. It remained for his great disciple of the third century, Plotinus, completely to take the Eastern view and consider only the individual soul. Doctor Inge has told us that Plotinus, living at a time when the social and political system of the West was in collapse, never once in all the *Enneads* mentions a contemporary event. His was complete 'non-attachment.'

I suggest that the truly Platonic Western way is better for us. It seems to me a grave error that, in considering Education in its highest form, moral and intellectual, so little mention should be made of Duty. And here, I think, the difference is clear between the two conceptions of Courage. I believe that for our Western Genius, particularly our English Genius, our Mysticism must be practical. That is to say, while in the last resort man must be prepared to sacrifice the lower for the higher loyalty, he attains a higher value not by severing his ties but by serving his family and

his country and his traditions and modelling himself on an ideal of which the good and the great men of the past fashioned by those English traditions and country-side are aspects.

There is room here for some reconciliation. The moral value of the 'non-attachment' is that thereby the soul, unfettered by worldly interests, may seek the highest Good. If, as we have seen, for some England has no real existence or is a mere organization for human convenience, a repudiation of loyalty to her can be justified. But some of us can say that our conception of England and our Patriotism is intimately connected with the search for the highest Good. If we consider 'good' in its functional sense, which we have seen is not incompatible with the universal, it is the function of man to develop, with God's grace, his moral and intellectual powers to the highest. As Plato shows there are many good ideas and qualities developing in a way peculiar to their environment. So those aspects of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful that we, as Englishmen, are best able to see and those ideas we are best able to make our own and to which we can contribute, are those that have come to fruition in the English country-side and from the minds and characters of the best of our ancestors who lived in that countryside. These are the values, akin, because of their common origin, with those of all Europe, which form the spiritual republic of England and must be saved for all people. Philosophers now tell us that there is not actuality without value and I think the converse is true and that England is a real thing. Living within England it is true we idealize the qualities of her past, but in accepting that past we also try to make in that pattern its more perfect future. This is the reason for Burke's insistence that progress should be rooted in tradition. And it makes England

besides a glorious past a *Civitas Dei*, an ideal state 'laid up in Heaven' the building of which is the making of immortality.

I do not think that these philosophical arguments are purely academic. In the past twenty years we have seen people, particularly young men, acting upon these ideas, trying to free themselves from all chains. Patriotism, the idea of the family and sexual restraint, respect for age, Religion and the old school tie with the motto 'Manners Makyth Man' are discarded. Freedom has not been gained but only an obscene nakedness. We have to confess that English youth that has broken with English tradition is discreditable and unlovely. Until a sense of Duty becomes again part of our teaching it may well remain so.

We can perhaps see these differences more clearly if we take a more commonplace example. One of the most irritating occurrences a schoolmaster meets is the grouse of tradesmen and business men at the inefficiency, real or supposed, of errand boys and junior clerks, when this inefficiency is said to result from their faulty education. The business man might well be told that education does not exist to provide him with efficient errand boys, but rather for the sake of the boys to help them to be self-sufficient and happy even in a blind-alley occupation ; or, as I have heard it expressed, 'I hope to goodness they are inefficient rather than acquiescing in such a soul-destroying job.' I am bound to have great sympathy with this, but it is to be noticed how almost unconsciously emphasis is laid upon happiness and there is no mention of Duty.

I prefer the doctrine of 'non-attachment' in its Western form, 'the self-sufficiency of virtue.' In this form the Roman Stoic statesmen of the empire made

it the basis of social reform, the first real system of social reform based on moral principles the world had known. They founded schools, relieved the poor, cared for old age and built hospitals. Modern Socialism has somewhat arrogantly claimed the sonship of this Stoicism. But Socialism is really based on the horrid Utilitarianism of Mill with the assumption that material well-being is necessary for man's self-sufficiency. To the philosophers social reform was a valuable by-product. 'Take all away,' as even the Epicurean could say, 'and I can wrap myself in my cloak of virtue and depart.' 'The happiness of the soul is untouched by these things.' A wise man could be happy, and is so, on the dole. But that is all the more reason to try to better his lot. The ultimate aim of politics is not—and here Socialism violently disagrees—to obtain the greatest *happiness* for the greatest number. It is to preserve and enhance for the good of humanity what is valuable in a nation or people.

Mr. Huxley's ideal in education is one of complete freedom and self-development ; his method throughout Madame Montessori's. He contends that universal education in Europe based on traditional training and discipline produces militarist minds and makes war inevitable. In doing so, he is attacking, and I think he would agree that he was attacking, all Western civilization and culture ; also the Western conception of Reason on which it rests. Eastern peoples, I have heard, when they listen to European music have difficulty in distinguishing the time, and for them all our tunes are marching tunes. There is a story of a Chinese prince, who, wishing to learn something of foreign barbarians, acquired a translation of a History of England. He was astounded. 'These people,' he said, 'seem always to be fighting

or preparing to fight someone.' So, while we must reject the fantastic assumption that a man trained in discipline is necessarily murderous, it does seem to be so that there is a combative spirit inherent in our civilization. Telling of the spiritual struggle, both St. Paul and Socrates use the military metaphor.

Socialism is an attempt to remove the element of struggle from our civilization. Such a change in the character of a people may be possible, but with its loss the whole of Western values would collapse. I agree that the manly qualities demand struggle. And struggle may indeed be better than quietism or resignation.

I should like to express this as a Platonist. Matter has been defined as 'that which receives "form."' Life gives form to matter. Mind is life that is conscious of this process. That is to say, the function of man is to make patterns and his progress, if any, is the improvement in patterns. That is why the Academy permitted the study of philosophy only after a long training in Mathematics. The quality of struggle is inherent in patterns of the West. Even the metre of our verse and dancing is the structure of struggle. How closely the element of tension is bound up with the great patterns can be realized by hearing music, for example, Bach's Toccata and Fugue in A Minor. Now, those who deny the true existence of England are like those who deny the true existence of the Toccata and Fugue. The Philistine who hears only the notes and fails to know the value of the pattern of the music is like the man who, regarding only the individual parts, fails to know the moral value of England. Music is pattern fashioned by an individual spirit, though often that mind interprets the mind of the race. But a country is the greatest work of art fashioned by co-ordinate spirit,

and if the continuity in the music or the tradition in the nation is broken or the essential quality of struggle or competition is removed, the fugue ceases and the pattern disappears.

Plato, I think, knew this when he wrote the *Republic* and describes the structure of the State to be analogous to the body, because the making of a work of art involving and expressing struggle, like our moral activity, is the making of our 'spiritual bodies.'

It is a mistake to assume that this element of struggle in Western personality is necessarily instinctive and collective. Nor does training for service always imply military service. All our English games are combative and, whether or no they are useful military training, they are good for themselves and fun to play. English personality is tougher than some people credit, and its individualism will survive a lot of discipline and team spirit. Some games of struggle are valuable for the individual personality alone, such as mountaineering and boxing. Of the delightful tasks for a man, teaching boys to box is one of the greatest. No two boys are the same, and all advice and precept has to be adapted to each physique and temperament. It is not suitable for everybody, and they have to be selected with care and no compulsion used. Often those who do not excel at cricket or football do well. In the boxing ring a boy can rely on nothing but himself, his own body controlled and his mind concentrated; and it is a fair sight. I can recall a small boy of eleven gracefully balanced, his eyes concentrated on his target, with his head confidently swaying away from the lead and his own little hands moving softly ready to flash out. I remember him surprised by a stronger, more experienced opponent hitting him well in the middle of the body, a blow

that a year before would have sent him crying home, but now sends him, with eyes still towards the danger, away out of reach on his toes to keep him safe and in again while still in pain to flash a proud left and right. The hard things of the world should not shake him. The mass mind, often called the product of team spirit, should not be his.

‘The man of purpose sure, serene  
Of soul no raging rabble’s spleen  
Can shake nor scowls of proud Kings.’

The educational aim here is the mental Freedom and moral ‘non-attachment,’ but we cannot agree that it is incompatible with tradition. For the best of Englishmen in their loyalties are impatient of the team spirit and the regimentation of the little disciplines. And the greater Discipline, the way of Duty, is not for Englishmen a restriction, for by service their intricate and valuable personalities are built. It is part of English tradition that her greatest sons serve her with free individual initiative and often outside her uniform, as Clive the untrained clerk, Nelson who would not see the signals, and Lawrence, a pattern for boys but no ideal of pedants, for he played no team games, and in despondent mood could write of his uniform, ‘only women with a lech were allured by those witnessing clothes’; with the sequel surely one of the most ironic sayings of the great.

## EIGHT

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### LARES AND PENATES

*'QUISQUE SUOS PATIMUR MANES.'*

VIRGIL.

THE INDIVIDUALIST, THE PACIFIST, and Internationalist would still, I think, be unwilling to admit the reality or the worth of England. Passing over such 'loose thinkers' of the past as Plato and Cicero, they might say: 'We reject this Philosophy of Hegel on the base of which Fascism has risen. We cling to our individual souls. For the reality, the "pattern" of England is made by individuals, and though such things may have been valuable in the past, in Athens under Pericles or in France at the time of Joan of Arc, the world has outgrown such things. Man should now take a wider view. This English tradition you make all the pother about limits our individuality and freedom of thought.'

So let us examine again this tradition, its reality, and its value. First, individuality is not so complete and free as nineteenth-century Liberals hoped. Science at present can tell us very little of the influence of mind on mind but it is beginning to recognize the fact. Even Mr. H. G. Wells is concerned with the fact of crowd psychology when the freedom of the individual mind and will is quite clearly influenced. So also Man is influenced by Nature, though Science has yet made no attempt to explain



the 'impulse from a vernal wood' which was Wordsworth's evangel, the

'sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration.'

. . . . .  
'As have no slight or trivial influence. . .

That the influence exists no artist would deny, but we might suggest, in a Platonic way, that the 'pattern' or the symmetry of Beauty awakes in some sleeping and possibly creative part of the soul a feeling of familiarity and recognition with the desire for imitation. However, we are influenced, if not consciously as artists and poets, just as much unconsciously. Possibly Science may concern herself with the vehicles of this influence, and examine the effects of light and colour and the emotional reactions of exultation and fear to them, perhaps on the lines of Pavlov's study of conditioned reflexes. But in the meanwhile, empirically, men will still seek the solace of the country, and go apart into a desert place to pray.

To another more obvious means by which the personality is bound, heredity, Science has more directly given her attention. Man also has, empirically, tried to breed from the 'best' both of animals and of human beings. Now Science by the study of the genes, forty-seven of the male, forty-eight of the female, can foretell certain characteristics of the offspring, for example, the short or long bristles on a fly or the colour of a child's eyes.

But what are these genes that determine such things? They cannot be isolated or seen under the microscope. They are 'positions,' 'positions in the chromosome,' or 'vehicles of influence.' That is to

say, they exist in the shadowy world between the material and purely mathematical in which so often modern thought must grope its way. And it is, I think, true to say that the characteristics that can be foretold from the study of the genes are physical characteristics or mental defects to which a doctor would ascribe physical immediate causes. Though it is not correct really to distinguish between material and immaterial in this connection, it is clear that much also 'immaterial' is inherited in the human personality. And it is probable for such things Science may postulate further sub-divisions of the genes even less explainable in material terms.

For we now know something and suspect more about 'race memory'; and it seems probable that the most intimate part of our souls, the thoughts and the feelings 'too deep for words,' inexpressible by metaphor, lying between the conscious and the unconscious, that we thought our secret own selves, has little individuality and is really what we hold most in common with our ancestors and with our fellows.

The most urgent of Man's feelings about death, the future, and his destiny, were early expressed, perhaps with unconscious allegory, in the myths and legends and semi-magical, half religious cults such as the Grail Legend and Orphism. The persistence of the beautiful Orpheus and Eurydice story, recurring as it does in mediæval ballads as far north as Orkney, is an indication of its intense appeal. In a recent book<sup>1</sup> it has been demonstrated how, underlying the designs of mazes and the Cretan Labyrinth, known to us through the Theseus and Ariadne story, are certain mystical ideas concerning the passage of the soul at death. These designs occur also in the

<sup>1</sup> *Cumean Gates*, by W. F. Jackson Knight.

rhythms of ritual dances of magical purpose. Again, where the poetic genius of Virgil was meditating upon the deepest mysteries, with unconscious appropriateness the labyrinthine description recurs. Such things lie latent in the subconsciousness of a race or civilization. And to-day the labyrinth motive still finds expression in random drawings made by the insane. The racial subconscious is thus expressed by genius and by madness. Let us remember that.

What legitimate conclusions can we draw from this? First, it gives new significance to the Socratic behest, 'Know thyself,' and Plato's theory of 'anamnesis,' that the source of knowledge lies within the soul and that thought is recollection or a drawing of the waters thence. This Source is ultimately the source of all knowledge, the gate of horn through which the true dreams come, a cumulation of revelation, and by development each generation may add to its volume. But the stream that brings its waters to us comes by the traditions of our ancestors and our country. We do not start our examinations as the individualist would like with blank sheets of paper, but with those on which many answers are written in invisible ink. And genius, particularly poetic genius, is the power to interpret and develop the secret wisdom of a nation's soul. Thus, paradoxically, the most 'original' passages that we like to ascribe to inspiration make their appeal to us because they express 'what we feel but cannot ourselves express.' And, with the philosophers, some of their most memorable contributions have not been the result of conscious ratiocination but of meditation upon the feelings and the will, by 'reason in her highest form.' Thus Kant's famous Categorical Imperative and his ethical doctrines come from his Calvinistic German and Scotch ancestry. As Professor A. E. Taylor has

expressed it : ' Kant's moral theology is all through really moulded by the evangelical Pietism against which Kant himself is in revolt ' ; and again of Spinoza : ' clearly we must look for the true source of the very doctrine which has won for Spinoza the reverence of so many fine natures, . . . outside the four corners of his own system. God is not really the substance of the First Part of the Ethics ; He is the " Blessed One " of the devout Jewish home.'

I do not think this conception, so ancient and so probable, of a spiritual and ethical residuum in us from the past belittles us. Rather, I think, should it add to the dignity of human nature and with the realization of our contact with so much wisdom and grandeur make us ' feel that we are greater than we know.'

Nor do I wish to take these ideas too far and argue a complete determinism. For at the moment of conception the genes have finished their work and the influence of environment begins, and over our environment and that of our fellows our wills have considerable control. And here it would be wise to recall that part of Hegel's philosophy that Fascism so conveniently forgets. Just as there are no two roses alike, so there are no two petals alike that conjoin to make a rose. There is more individuality in the members of a bee swarm or in the members of a man's body than in stones that make a heap. Only would I suggest that a man cannot escape from his soul, from that part of his being that binds him to his fellows and with them to the origin of life. And I would suggest that some interpretations of the doctrine of ' non-attachment ' may be very dangerous. A man may endeavour to cast out a seeming devil and find himself in worse plight. Indeed, it may well be a

question whether the past is to guide our civilization interpreted through the vision of the poet or the dream of the lunatic. For let us make no mistake, the residuum of the past that the Individualist and the Internationalist would be rid of, is ethical and spiritual. And if this is neglected, there are other things from the past residing in the soul less desirable to take their place.

Man with a true instinct, particularly when achievement in thought and art and ethics has been high, and faith in his destiny has been bright, has revered his country's past, and, teaching duty and endeavour to his children, has directed them to examples most natural to them of nobility and fine living by their countrymen. Thus, in more ways than one, the qualities of Nelson, courage, calm and gentleness, remain a peculiar tradition of English seamen.

Man has often also felt aware of the influence of the life of his past within him. This awareness underlies the so-called 'ancestor worship' of the Chinese upon which so much of that ancient culture has been dependent. Similar and perhaps more familiar to the West is the Roman *pietas* to his household gods, the Lares and Penates, unseen, beneficent forces vaguely connected with the spirits of the departed and imagined in relation not indeed with the individual soul, but with the 'most intimate of human relationships,' the Family. This reverence towards the sources of their beings and aspirations, surely not really inconsistent with Christianity, lingered long among the 'pagan' cottages as it has been described to English readers in Walter Pater's *Marius the Epicurean*, and still, if men will acknowledge within the great qualities and traditions by which their conscious personalities may be formed, the 'stern household

gods' will be kind as to Horace's old countrywoman  
if with 'pious hands' she

'wreathed her little images  
with myrtle and with rosemary.'

Catullus wrote of the Lares and Penates of his  
'nearly island' home of Sirmio breaking into wel-  
coming laughter on his return from Asia. But  
generally the household gods were not the local  
deities, but were borne about in the heart of a man to  
be established wherever he might make his home.

So particularly now when men so frequently are  
moving about and leaving the places of their birth, it  
is well to set up still the English Lares, that is to cul-  
tivate our native qualities, courage, consideration,  
sanity, and order by which a virtuous Englishman is  
made.

## NINE

### ENGLISH EDUCATION

'VIRTUE IS KNOWLEDGE AND CAN BE TAUGHT.'

SOCRATES.

THERE ARE TWO important immediate results from the rejection of Tradition and the value of Duty in our schools which are felt far and wide throughout the Nation. The most plausible platitudes most frequently uttered are, 'It is the business of Education to make people think,' and 'We must cultivate receptive rather than critical minds.' The trouble about the first of these is that these people know not at all the meaning of the word 'think.' They assume that any half-baked, amorphous idea born of conceit out of ignorance in any adolescent brain has a value. Again and again young people from the age of sixteen and under are courted and invited to give opinions on all conceivable subjects from Sex Equality to Vivisection and the Rights of Property to the Doctrine of the Incarnation. 'Let us give both sides of the question,' we are told, 'so that the boy or girl can choose,' just as if in their young heads there sits enthroned the Holy Reason that with no training and insufficient data infallibly will reach the right conclusions. No, it is not trained. It must be receptive, not critical, and so with no sense of intellectual humility, which virtue is dubbed Inferiority Complex forthwith and sent down the sink, and with no sieve wherewith to reject the coarse and putrid, all goes into the pot and simmers a

Hell broth of muddle and folly till it hardens into the mind of the Intelligentsia.

Thought is not that. A free independent mind cannot be obtained in this way. Reason does not function independently apart from its antecedents. A mind is not 'free' untrained to detect fallacy, and intellectual humility and respect for thought beyond our understanding is not vice. I wish we could have a little Formal Logic taught in our schools. But that is a vain wish. For it is dull and not interesting like the numerous sciences are which are thrust upon the average boy. And 'it is unrelated to life of the present day.'

Everything must have relation to modern life now. That is why History is becoming almost exclusively concerned with the nineteenth century and after, particularly its social aspects and economics according to the London School of Economics and Professor Harold Laski. I have known boys leaving school with History Distinctions in their Certificates who knew nothing of the Tudors and could not tell you whether James I came before or after Henry VIII.

The other of the two results from the rejection of Tradition may also be indicated by a plausible platitude. 'English History should be studied as a branch of World History.' The High Priest of this idea with all its internationalist implications is Mr. H. G. Wells, whose influence on this generation has been almost wholly unfortunate. His *Short History of the World* is in many ways his most deplorable book. It set the fashion of 'potted culture for the masses' and it remains accordingly very popular. The task of writing a serious World History in one volume is one that should never be attempted. 'But,' the reply would be, 'this is not meant to be an accurate book; it is to give an outline of the growth of man's social



sense, a bird's-eye view.' Rather is it a view through the most distorting lenses. Mr. Wells wishes a new history to be taught in place of the old 'Poison,' that is to say, the History of the sciences and the customs of man. This we agree is desirable, but it is not desirable that it should be introduced for the purpose of excluding political and national History since we do not agree that this is without value and altogether 'poisonous.' When it is maintained, as I have heard it maintained by a disciple of Mr. Wells, that the introduction of artificial manure in 1870 is of much greater importance than the execution of Charles I, two events, in no way really comparable, are being compared. The prejudice on which the case rests is apparent when we find both Cæsar and Alexander dismissed as two 'wastrels' with less political creativeness than the late Huey Long.

Mr. Wells wishes Education to be 'up to date,' a phrase which in dealing with human material is especially to be deprecated. In this case it means in accordance with Mr. Wells' ideas. His object is to 'make Education dynamic' and give children knowledge of the changing world in which they must live. So those values inherited from the past which should belong to many generations receive scant notice. And particularly 'out of date' are both Patriotism and Christianity. For, it seems to many, throughout his life to these has he shown the most bitter prejudice. The study of anything to do with Palestine or Greece, being two small countries, is most disproportionate. So we are told Solomon's temple was only the size of a barn and—may logicians mark—therefore of no importance. It is typical that in stating this profound argument to the Royal Society, the measurements of the temple were given incorrectly. For the inner temple only was considered, and the outer<sup>temple</sup> court

which in ancient Hebrew and Eastern architecture is an integral part of the structure was ignored.

It is no use deprecating propaganda in schools. With the first principles many people who teach hold, it is inevitable. I have tried to show how fundamentally they are wrong. The fact remains that the influence upon English children to-day is 'Left.' And besides those whose teaching is based on conviction, there are others less honourable who, in season and out, seek to weaken the manliness of English youth with disloyalty and pacifism, by personal influence, current affairs lessons, civics, discussion groups, and branches of the League of Nations Union. Encouraged by the teachers' Associations, the League of Nations Union has its teeth into many schools, while the Navy League remains anathema. In some ways the teachers' Associations fill me with alarm. They are certainly no credit to a learned profession. The bitterly unpatriotic resistance to cuts in salaries in 1929 and the continuous demand of the rights of atheists to teach Scripture, the neglect of all ethical teaching, and the generally material view they take of their profession, with a super-sensitive sense of their own dignity are things not good to think on.

It has been said that the rulers of Totalitarian states controlling all propaganda, the Press, the Wireless, and the Schools, are deliberately fashioning in the rising generation a new type of mankind; that the youth of Germany and Russia, formed on a preconceived pattern, is something quite new in history. How far this process may be modified in these countries by such conservative influences as heredity or the family it is impossible yet to say. Probably it will be a great deal, but only a very bold man can to-day say: 'Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.' In our country, the mind of youth is, as much as anywhere

else, influenced by Press, Wireless, and School, which are doing their best to evolve a new mankind. In our love of Freedom as a nation we do not control or try to direct them. But there are minorities with no such scruples.

It is essential that in this necessary process of change certain traditional English qualities should not disappear or be weakened. It is no good for a political party to legislate and introduce Social reforms if the heritage thus beautified is to be handed on to be used by sons fundamentally changed. Our problem is greatly complicated in our country, as Freedom of thought is the most important element in our tradition, and so any direct control would quickly destroy what we wish to preserve. However, also in our country the conservative forces, heredity, the home, and the country-side, are stronger to resist disintegration. And at present there is a distinct and healthy reaction among boys to enfeebling influence. The increased emphasis on physical training and games is in this proving a great benefit and is an example of what can be done without interference with Freedom. I do not think that on average boys to-day propaganda of the 'Left' in schools has an effect at all commensurate with its volume.

With the more gifted of our children, however, with those who should be the future leaders of England, the effects are more ominous. It is always unscrupulously said that to be 'Advanced' is virtuous and more 'Christian' than to be 'Reactionary'; and this is supported with the usual quotation of isolated texts. The exploitation of Christianity for party ends in this manner is one of the most indecent things in England to-day. 'All political idealists must necessarily be Socialists,' they say, and all who may not agree with them are called materialists, or are assumed

to have some 'interest' at stake. 'And anyone who is intelligent and uses his brains,' they say, 'must necessarily be a Socialist, for Conservative arguments have long ago been refuted by Mill and Webb, and Patriotism is out of date and anyway based on greed and prejudice.' The effect of such stuff on the adolescent mind can well be imagined.

It is a serious thing that England is thus losing the service of a future aristocracy. It has been said that in the next generation Germany will be the best governed State in the world, because Aristocracy is the best system and a young new aristocracy is being trained in the Leadership Schools to govern. Most people, I think, will agree with this if 'best governed' is understood in a restricted sense. And certainly it is probable that this new aristocracy is emerging in Germany and also in Russia, and is not incompatible with tyranny, though it is possible it may modify the worst features after the departure of the present tyrants.

Is Aristocracy also possible within a democratic system, where 'best governed' necessarily has a higher meaning? And is it desirable?

The maintenance of the aristocratic principle used to be part of the Conservative faith, the part regarded with most suspicion by the ordinary, democratic Englishman. This was because it was identified in his mind with the maintenance of Privilege, to which unfortunately it often degenerated. But to-day the Conservative Party has been re-educated by the long leadership of Lord Baldwin and the danger of its control by an oligarchy is past.

Democracy is often interpreted as meaning that we should strive to improve the general level but that all individual distinction should be discouraged. Hence the Dean of Canterbury's admiration for Soviet

schools is expressed with the triumphant 'there are no top boys.'

We state the principle of Democracy thus : 'Ultimately each individual life is of equal value, or, even if this is denied, man has no adequate criterion by which he may assess a greater value to one than to another. So all lives being led within the community, each person is entitled to express his opinion and be considered in the administration and before the Law.' An aristocratic principle compatible with this might be expressed thus : 'In perhaps a restricted sense, some lives may achieve a greater value than others, that is to say, there is in some a greater potentiality, intellectual or even physical, which may be developed for the service of the community, though admittedly some qualities less directly than others can or should be so employed.' Throughout history man has endeavoured to establish and develop, within the whole, 'the best.' The criterion has always been the trouble. It has often been Property, sometimes the acceptance of certain creeds, sometimes, with greater justification, Heredity, sometimes some system of training or education. All these have been accepted wholly or in part sometime in the History of England. To-day the principle is tacitly accepted, in so far as we do not make Secondary and University Education compulsory for all. Nor is it at all desirable that we should, as at present the majority of people would derive no benefit.

Though, as the science of Eugenics increases our knowledge, heredity will, no doubt, play a greater part in our determination of 'the best,' at present Education, if it is understood in a wide enough sense, is our best criterion.

It is often said that the advantage that a Democracy holds over a Dictatorship is that with individual free-

dom there is greater initiative, greater adaptability, and better individual leadership. This is undoubtedly true in the end, but it is ominous that, at the time when the English Public Schools are derided, their principles are being adopted in Germany in Leadership Schools for youths till the age of twenty-five.

Considering this question we must confine ourselves to the possibility of administrative action for the present, and remember that intellectual Liberty is the essence of our Tradition. Also it is our duty to remember that in this fashioning of England's future we must recall great qualities inherited from the past.

## TEN

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### RABSHAKEH

'WHEN GOD INTENDS SOME NEW AND GREAT EPOCH IN HUMAN HISTORY, WHAT DOES HE THEN BUT REVEAL HIMSELF TO HIS SERVANTS, AND, AS HIS MANNER IS, FIRST TO HIS ENGLISHMEN?'

MILTON.

BEFORE CONSIDERING THE present and future let us again regard the past. When we consider the aristocratic ideal, to be remembered in Education first for the few most gifted and eventually as a pattern for all, it is fitting that we should look in English History and Literature for those things that may be called typically English and therefore likely to be inspiring for individual Englishmen.

We are not a people to find Führers and Duces and Cæsars in our History, or Supermen in our Literature. The heroes of our plays and our books display the human frailties of us all. Hamlet and Lear, Tom Jones, David Copperfield, and Soames Forsyte are great as English human beings. It may be that in Dictator countries, as we well know, the fault is, by excessive adulation, to insist on the super-humanity of its heroes. But in a Democracy, by emphasis on weaknesses and sins, we are sometimes apt to miss real greatness when it is there. We should remember that, while it has been said, 'a ship's company sailed with Drake,' it was also a ship's company that honoured its Admiral. The painter who was bidden to paint Cromwell 'warts and all' had no right to

obscure the nobility of the head. Debunking is a petty game, and of little service to historic truth and none to morals. Indeed, Tacitus regarded the practice as evidence that his times were 'savage and hostile to virtue.'

Here is a man thought a typical Englishman, which he was not. 'Then Rabshakeh stood and cried in a loud voice in the Jews' language and spake saying, "Hear the word of the Great King, the King of Assyria. Let not Hezekiah deceive you; for he shall not be able to deliver you out of his hand. Neither let Hezekiah make you trust in the LORD, saying, 'the LORD shall deliver us.' Hath any of the Gods of the nations delivered at all his land out of the hand of the King of Assyria?" But the people held their peace.' What sort of man was this Rabshakeh, this ambassador? 'He was a highly efficient civil servant of an Imperial Power,' says the commentator, 'proud, capable, loyal. He had nicely calculated all the diplomatic and strategic factors. And he could not understand why these ridiculous provincials did not realize the impossibility of resistance and why they made so much pother about the cult of the local deity. He was the material Imperialist like a typical Englishman and *therefore* blind to all the finer spiritual values!' This ludicrous conclusion concerning the fellow countrymen of Wordsworth and Shelley, of Donne, William Blake, Wesley and Newman, I have taken from a commentary on the Old Testament. It expresses, I think, a common view of English character both abroad and at home. It is in this guise that their ancestors are presented to boys still at school to be sneered at and dishonoured. With this picture of an Englishman Mahatma Gandhi is deluded, who recoils from the complexity of the scientific West and for religious



reasons desires a return to simplicity. England becomes identified, quite wrongly, in such minds with Western Utilitarian Industry, and 'British Imperialism' becomes almost a synonym for Satan.

It is curious how often we have been compared with the heathen of the Old Testament. In South Africa the Boers, having trekked across the wilderness and enslaved the black equivalents to the Hivites, Perizites, and Jebusites, persistently regarded the British as the Philistines in the land. At the time of the Home Rule Bills, Irish orators with appropriate rhetoric compared us to the Egyptians, with the 'English King'—or was it Mr. Balfour?—as the Pharaoh of the Oppression.

Throughout the nineteenth century and onwards it was generally believed that the attainment of Liberty by every small nationality was the prelude to a renaissance of art and culture. The poets are full of it from Shelley onwards.

'The world's great age begins anew,  
The golden years return.

Another Athens shall arise,  
And to remoter time  
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
The splendour of its prime.'

Thus Shelley, paraphrasing a poem written to greet the birth of an infant Dictator, celebrates the coming of Republicanism and the Freedom of the Nations.

No fanatic Nationalism more than that of the Irish believed in the spiritual value of its cause. The Irish poet, W. B. Yeats, wrote the words of disillusion.

'Another Troy must rise and set,  
Another lineage feed the crow,  
Another Argo's painted prow  
Drive to a flashier bauble yet.'

The spirit bloweth where it listeth. Shakespeare wrote his plays under a very vigorous stage censorship, and Virgil wrote the *Aeneid* necessarily, even if sometimes ironically, as a poem of flattery of Augustus.

The spirit bloweth where it listeth, but it is generally from old well-watered soil that it brings the best flowers to bloom. Shelley said that our deepest thoughts we cannot understand ourselves, and Wordsworth wrote of 'thoughts that lie too deep for tears.' It is good to be a reticent people because the mystical experience unexpressed matures long and becomes the motive of great poetry. We are a reticent people and diffident in expressing our deepest feelings. So, often when we state our ideal or the perfection at which we strive, we express only our exterior, such qualities that provide our efficient means and say little of motives and ends. The world is apt to judge us not by our great poets, but by these superficial, half-portraits of ourselves. Hence we have Colonel Blimp and the Rabshakeh Englishman. I am thinking here of Kipling's poem 'If.' I do not believe Kipling himself expected this admirable expression of self-sufficiency to be taken as an adequate rule of conduct or ideal. It is a mistake to represent it as such, particularly to boys. This is even true of the Scout Law which is an incalculable influence for good, but is not, as it is sometimes suggested, the tenets of a Religion. We must not take the part for the whole, and when we compare a series of ideal literary portraits or try to express our own ideal we must remember there is the reservation of the unexpressible.

Besides 'If,' there are two important attempts in Literature to express our aristocratic ideal. These are Cardinal Newman's description of the character

of the Gentleman and Wordsworth's 'Character of the Happy Warrior.' Newman's Gentleman, 'one who never inflicts pain,' who believes 'we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend,' is the product of the Orders of Chivalry and their traditions and is recognizable in many Englishmen in History and to-day. Newman rejects him as an ideal mostly for what he is not and, as with the man of 'If,' there must be reservations. But his Graces are a great part of the English Tradition and are well to be recalled. The suggested criticism that the Gentleman is negative in conduct was perhaps justified in Newman's day when, with all this good breeding and consideration, the treatment of women and children in our industry caused us with some justice to be regarded as the most brutal people of Europe. But the true tradition of Chivalry, of social obligation and reform survived the cold glances of Liberalism and in Shaftesbury and Disraeli re-asserted itself.

Wordsworth's 'Character of the Happy Warrior' is the greatest and fullest picture of the ideal Englishman and expresses a great deal of that something that our ancestors have striven with varied success to become and to which Englishmen to-day, especially in youth, should strive.

'It is the generous spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought.'

Who

'Makes his moral being his prime care ;  
Who doomed to go in company with Pain  
And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train,  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.'

So much for Rabshakeh and cowards. He is also scholar and gentleman.

'As more exposed to suffering and distress ;  
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
 'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends  
 Upon that law as on the best of friends.'

He is self sufficient as the man of ' If.'

'Who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for humankind,  
 Is happy as a Lover.'

So in the English Tradition our men of thought are men of action and our men of action are men of high purpose, and by this do not seek a vulgar versatility because they live with a unity of aim. Thus Zutphen and 'Astrophel and Stella' are two aspects of one personality of Philip Sidney, and it is not out of keeping that Milton should write of politics and 'Paradise Lost,' and Byron should fight as well as write.

The quality peculiarly English which unifies their activities is the realization of the spiritual value of 'divine discontent' of those who 'travel not for trafficking alone' and 'take the Golden Road to Samarkand.' From the founding of the companies of the Merchant Adventurers to Captain Scott, the exploration for material wealth becomes spiritual experience. And withal the Happy Warrior,

'though thus endued as with a sense  
 And faculty for storm and turbulence  
 Is yet a Soul whose master bias leans  
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes.'

We have seen him almost personified in our generation in Lawrence of Arabia.

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‘LIBERALS AND PROGRESSIVES’

IT SEEMS UNNECESSARY for me to write of the defects of the English character. With greater eloquence than I can use many of my countrymen have already done so. But perhaps it may be profitable to look a little farther than the immediate circumstances to learn why the most usual charges of hypocrisy and brutality are made against us.

Cardinal Newman, I believe, once said that in the history of the Catholic Church there were some few things that were like bad dreams. He would fain forget the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Inquisition and the Albigenses. So in English History is the breach in the Tradition—the great nightmare in the conditions in factory and mine following the Industrial Revolution. The terrible treatment of women and little children are known to most of us through two contemporary poems, Thomas Hood’s ‘Song of the Shirt’ and Mrs. Browning’s ‘Cry of the Children.’ I have heard the reports of the Royal Commissions on child labour described as ‘the worst record of man’s inhumanity to man ever written.’ Babies of three were worked to death in the mills and boys of six starved to death and flogged to death and nothing done. Children became a source of profit to parents. The few shillings paid to infants for days of fatigue and despair incredibly provided a balance for the fathers. So children legitimate and illegitimate

were begotten and born for profit. If companies refused to employ children in the pits, the men struck in indignation at the stoppage of a source of income. England gained, quite justly, the name of the country most cruel to her children in the world. And this reputation is a legacy from the past not yet spent. No one to-day can read the reports of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children unmoved. The necessity for the existence of such a society is regarded in some places, in Spain for example, with amazement and horror.

But the men who imposed those hours and conditions in industry were not monsters but conscientious, God-fearing men. They were the men, Clarkson and Wilberforce being two of them, who—ironically—abolished the Slave Trade. Their non-conformist morality and goodwill none could question. How then this dreadful paradox? They had broken the English Tradition, particularly that part of it come down from Feudalism sometimes known as Chivalry, the obligations and responsibilities of Power. Instead, they turned aside and worshipped an abstraction, a good abstraction indeed, but changed by their worship to an idol. They did not call it Baal, they called it Freedom; Freedom of Contract, Freedom of Trade, Freedom to do one's will with one's own. Doing this, as Disraeli divined, they sundered the unity of the Nation. The bound apprentices had been known personally to their masters. They had learned their trades, and any one of them might become Lord Mayor. The craft guilds of the past had cared for their members in sickness, disablement, and age, and did the work of modern social services and insurance. There was no need for such a system in factories. In the sacred name of Freedom of contract they were no more.

But one thing the Liberal, 'non-conformist' conscience would restrict. Turning their eyes and truly laying the foundations of hypocrisy and taking an effect for the great cause, they shouted: 'Drink, drink is the cause of human misery. Drink makes workmen brutal and worse than brutal—lazy.'

When the results of inadequate wages based on freedom of contract, famine, and catastrophe threatened, Freedom of Trade saved them. Then the inevitable decay of Agriculture set in, so that a true economic balance between Town and Country is no more possible, and hostages have been given to our foes. To-day the slums and special areas are other legacies still with us from the days of *laissez-faire* and Freedom economics.

Such was Liberalism. And, to-day, we have the spiritual heirs of the Liberals, calling themselves our Intelligentsia, associated with the Trades Unions to form the Socialist Party. A strange unnatural alliance! They still worship their abstractions—now Collective Security, Pacifism, and the like—and repudiate their country. They hold sincerely the highest moral and religious principles and ruthlessly are prepared to witness any suffering or catastrophe in defence of these principles. Any ideals or possessions of other people count nothing with them. They long for martyrdom of their country in their cause. For those who do not subscribe to every letter of their law they have the highest ethical and intellectual contempt. It is difficult to discuss anything with them because their outlook is not rational but emotional. It is this fact that makes their influence so dangerous. As ever, they love to quote texts of the Bible torn from any context. 'Thou shalt not kill,' 'Thou shalt not kill,' has been shouted at me by a Pacifist with the eyes of a Hebrew Prophet. My

reply that I did not wish to kill anyone but that an accessory to the fact was considered guilty, and a cowardly nonresistance and condonation might likewise bring me condemnation under this commandment, provoked only wrath.

I once heard a passionate demand by a professing Pacifist for aid to be sent by England to the Chinese against Japan. The reply to the suggestion that such action might involve England unprepared in war, illumined all. 'We trust in God. If we did not believe that God was guiding us in this to do right, we should despair.' The ex-Kaiser, it will be remembered, also treated God as his chief ally. Neither he nor our own idealists are the first to lay the responsibility on the Almighty for their folly. God does not grant us guidance as a substitute for clear thought, nor help us when we act with unwisdom on the plea that our ideals and our conscience drive us on.

The philosophy of Kant teaches that the view man has of the exterior world by his reason is a distorted view, primarily because of the assumptions the human reason makes concerning time and space, and that the only reliable contact man can make with reality is through his moral sense and by obeying the Categorical Imperative. This, I imagine, is, fairly expressed, the view of the Liberal Intelligentsia. But the difficulty is to know when we are guided by our moral sense and not by our prejudices and the feelings of the moment. Kant recognized this danger of being driven to action by every emotional wind that blows and tacitly refused to allow that the Conscience was a true guide unless its behests were in accordance with the ethical traditions and Christian civilization in which the individual lived. Our age, I think, suffers more than most from emotion with too little intellectual background. This is difficult to write because



it may appear to involve the suppression of some generous feelings, yet of its soundness I have no doubt.

In no sphere does moral emotionalism do more harm or bring greater risks than in foreign policy. Our Intelligentsia is incapable of wishing for any real European appeasement. Being prepared to die for their abstractions, and not for their country, any concession must be denounced as a betrayal and any compromise as a surrender. We have heard them at their frightening worst denouncing the Anglo-Italian agreement in the name of Peace—what a meaning they must attach to that word!—and of the League and Collective Security as if they spoke of gods, and in an ecstasy of false moral indignation ascribing to the Prime Minister every fantastic evil motive.

Foreign Policy is dependent in the long run on public opinion. But necessarily many crises have to be met and decisions made on information and considerations that obviously must be secret and withheld from the public. And if, as does happen, large and influential sections of the nation change their minds on insufficient data, and, with every emotional storm, try to change the trend of our foreign relations, the result is bound to be calamitous. The two general aims of our foreign policy are generally represented as our 'ideals' and our 'self-interest,' and it is assumed, with deplorable lack of logic, that these must needs be opposed. On the contrary, our 'self-interest'—the preservation of our influence in the world—is our chief ideal.

Let us see how unfortunate this emotional lack of purpose has been in our relations with Germany. The Treaty of Versailles was intended to be accepted as a settlement. It was obvious that detailed changes from time to time would have to be made

but, broadly, the ethical, national, and strategic questions had been considered and a settlement reached. And, having once accepted it, it was clearly our duty to see that it remained—the Covenant of the League of Nations being incorporated in that Treaty—the basis of European polity for a generation ; particularly in the territorial and military clauses. It was owing to sentimental emotionalism that we failed in our duty. Except for the economic clauses which remain an eternal example of the incompetencce of experts, the terms of the Treaty were not revengeful. For four years we had fought to abolish Prussian Militarism, and some things such as the abolition of Conscription and the Demilitarization of the Rhineland were clearly necessary to prevent its resurgence. German whining and self-pity were most effective propaganda on soft hearts. The insidious argument was this : ‘ Even if Germany was guilty of the War, why should those Germans who were babies or unborn in 1914 be penalized ? ’ Our Pacifists would not stop to think that ‘ penalized ’ meant being prevented from building submarines and bombers and barracks at Cologne. It should have been obvious that in dealing with such a psychological attitude as Prussian Militarism it was vital that the Treaty should apply to the next generation. It was really our duty both when Conscription was reintroduced and when the Rhineland was reoccupied to take action with France to reimpose a naval blockade and to drive the German troops out. And if, as it has with reason been maintained, the Franco-Soviet pact essentially destroyed the equities of the Versailles settlement of Europe and the Treaty of Locarno, it was our duty as a leading signatory of those treaties to demand its abrogation. But Public Opinion would not allow either of these things. Before ever even any suggestions were made,

e clergy of Liverpool Cathedral refused to offer prayers for the Government. It is said that Herr Hitler regards that day as the day when all his battles were won and a pledge of future success. If we would not enforce our settlement it was logical to meet the majority of the Nazi demands. Yet when these and, as the initiative in European affairs inevitably passed to Germany, their methods became apparent, Public Opinion rightly recoiled from this implication. And now these methods in Austria and Bohemia and against the Jews may well have made any Anglo-German real friendship impossible for a long time. Such are the fruits of emotionalism and lack of moral purpose in politics.

We used to hear a good deal of advice about finding and remedying the 'basic causes of war.' This always referred to economic causes as was natural when the advice was given by Marxists who interpret History solely by Economics. But economic causes are not the basic causes of War. "About what would a disagreement be, which we could not settle and which would cause us to be enemies and be angry with each other?" said Socrates. "Is it not about right and wrong, and noble and disgraceful, and good and bad? Are not these the questions about which you and I and other people become enemies?" And of this to-day the bitter rivalries of the 'ideologies' are proof. So it is the more important to consider our duty free from emotion. Having failed to curb the rising power of Germany it should be clear, unpleasant though it may be to many, that Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement and freedom for German expansion is the right one. For Nazism, too, is not entirely the result of the slump and economic causes, and certainly not, as so many believe, of the Treaty of Versailles. Rather is it the reappearance of natural

German character. There are other things besides the Nazi elements in the German character, and national life, like all other dynamic processes, moves in a wave rhythm. So we can hope for the recession of violence and the emergence of gentler German and more human and intellectual qualities, with the rising of a young and aristocratic generation. Paradoxically this is more likely to occur where there is some mixture of races as in the border country of Sudetenland. The mystical hysteria characteristic of Germany and periodical since the time of Tacitus cannot be of long duration at one time. The young man to-day educated in the tenets of the Nazi philosophy and drafted compulsorily into the ranks of the Storm Troopers cannot have the same inspiration and enthusiasm as his predecessor who accepted the doctrines and discipline of a persecuted creed.

A thing that particularly repels England at present from German friendship is the exaggerated ‘ functional ’ view of the ‘ Good,’ so that immoral acts, lying, and murder are committed with a good conscience if for the Fatherland and the increase of the Nation. But qualities inherent in the German character include the capacity for accurate abstract thinking not least concerning ethics, and courage to proclaim ethical conclusions reached. I do not think any teaching can eliminate these qualities permanently and their emergence with a new generation will not destroy, but modify Nazism. So at least is our hope.

England also has great responsibilities to Man’s future, which may well be of greater importance, elsewhere than in Europe.

## TWELVE

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### YOUTH

I BELIEVE THAT THESE THINGS we have considered concerning the English genius should be recalled when we come to consider Education in England. These were the English individualist Tradition, the Unity of the Nation, and the idea of Aristocracy within the whole. And we saw that two of these ideas were the motive of the new Leadership Schools in Germany. It is desirable that anything we may do here should differ considerably from the regimentation in Germany with its sadistic character. Yet we can perhaps learn something from them. There the Leadership Schools extend to men up to the age of twenty-five. Here we would not tolerate such a loss to our everyday life or a disciplinary curb, necessary in any such institution, on a grown man's individuality. Nor is it in any way desirable to change the Universities. But something very desirable the German schools do try to teach. While attending them, boys from all classes, often from the poorest or the roughest homes, live, what time their work is hard and often dangerous, in refinement and even luxury. The gardens are beautiful, the rooms well and beautifully furnished, the meals cleanly and correctly served, and courtesy and good manners the rule. When they leave and the luxury can be no more, they carry with them to their homes the graces and the delicacy that in the past have too often been associated with wealth

alone. And such graces are something which a good man wishes eventually to see as the birthright of all civilized men.

Too often do we fail nowadays in this respect in England where the elementary schools with their dusty concrete 'playgrounds' are frequently the most hideous buildings in our towns. The more modern schools, scientifically built, particularly the secondary and central schools, though sometimes resembling factories or gigantic conveniences, are an improvement. Yet even here we have usually to search in vain for flower borders. Too seldom in any boys' schools are there flowers on the tables or in the rooms or tolerable pictures on the walls.

"When Etonian Eden goes," said an American, "Etonian Wood takes his place." In spite of Sir Stafford Cripps, Winchester and Eton may long supply the bulk of Rowing Blues and Cabinet Ministers. Far be the day when a man no longer may pay to send his son to Preparatory and Public Schools. I should like however the Public Schools to take their natural place as the Leadership Schools of the Nation. The late Headmaster of Harrow has already suggested that Public School boys should not all be 'fee payers.' The Secondary Schools under the Board of Education admit their Special Place Scholars free and I see no reason why parents should not have the choice of sending their sons to boarding schools. In many cases indeed they should be encouraged to do so, especially in the case of poorer families where home circumstances and lack of accommodation make a boy's tasks and studies doubly difficult. It would undoubtedly benefit Eton and Winchester by mitigating the charges of class and privilege and would assist a unity of leadership for the whole nation.

We are said to be pledged, for the present at any

rate, not to introduce any form of National Service. But if Education is to be concerned with duty and obligation as well as advantages and the individual divorced from the community, our compulsory system of Education is a form of National Service. Is it unreasonable to hope that if the leaving age is to be raised another year and the grants to secondary school boys extended, that some of this extra time should be spent in service and with a more direct view to the future of England? This, if they are logical, should appeal to all those who are so intent that teaching should be related to modern life and current affairs.

Six months of the whole of every boy's education should be spent away from his home and familiar surroundings. Boys from the big towns and industrial districts should camp in agricultural districts and, along with their studies, help bring in the harvest and drain and reclaim land. Even with the motor car they know too little of the English country-side as they watch it fly past on the way to Southend or Margate and still despise work done in it. The drift from Country to Town still continues. And as we have seen, if we are to have a healthy economy, there should be a more even balance between industry and agriculture.

But boys from the agricultural districts should camp in the Scottish Highlands or the Lake District. Too often for them the idea of change and excitement is of towns and machinery. Boys before the War used to read Rider Haggard's books *She* and *King Solomon's Mines* and their heroes were Captain Scott and Shackleton. To-day they are Sir Henry Segrave and Sir Malcolm Campbell. And it is proper that this should be so. But for the future of the British race it is important that youth should not be absorbed

wholly by machinery but also in the places of its future application. So, more important still, large numbers should visit the Dominions. And there, the Dominions' task being now to develop industry, they should know the great towns, Sydney, Johannesburg, Vancouver, and help in the building of roads and railways and, farther afield for the selected few, prospect the land for minerals. It is always advocated that boys should go to foreign countries in the interest of internationalism. 'Get together, get to know foreign people and you will find them just like yourself' (which you will not), 'and then I defy you to fight them.' Surely the future of the British race is as noble a cause.

I do not think expense would make such a plan impossible. Given their officers, boys could condition and work the ships, sail or steam.

Yet if it is practicable in its entirety, at least individual boys and girls could be encouraged more to go to visit and study the Dominions. Recently an admirable scheme has been started by some of the steamship companies by which schools and ships adopt each other. The crews and the boys exchange letters and presents. It is to be hoped they will take the next step and carry the mascot of an 'adopted' schoolboy on every voyage to the Dominions. Waves breaking over the bows of a ship are as much a British boy's heritage as mist and cloud rising on Scawfell or wind and sunlight over Dartmoor.

We are now no longer in the field of administration but rather in that of suggestion and encouragement, and are to consider not now children in the bulk but as individuals or in groups. However perfect the organization and however enlightened the reforms, education, particularly English education, largely fails if it does not beget individual thought and



action. We are seeing some of that failure to-day in the increasing dependence of man upon his fellows and his environment, the intense horror of 'loneliness' and desire for monotonous and pointless activity. The Boy Scout movement still does a great work of emancipation. It is a modern Order of Chivalry and being such, nothing but honour should be accorded it. None should wish it changed. But by adopting a 'rule,' however admirable, like all great Orders of Chivalry, it narrows its appeal. It is also becoming too bound to its organization and hierarchy. Myself, I was nearly ignominiously drummed out for taking boys to camp at the other end of the country without filling in the appropriate form. The greatest of England's sons still serve her outside the uniform.

I wish the Board of Education, if a Government department could do anything so human, would encourage the forming of 'Adventure Clubs' in the schools it controls, after the manner of Commander Levick's Public School Exploration Society. Besides affording grants to such clubs, I should like to see it start with imagination a Scholarship Fund for its boy adventurers, such as the Rhodes Trust. The Rhodes Trust grants scholarships to Oxford for athletic prowess and intellectual achievement. Nor is it inappropriate that England should grant the means of travelling in the wider territories of the mind to her adventurous young sons, who, maybe with her encouragement, have navigated boats around her coasts or scaled her crags or gone to view her future Eldorados in the unprospected parts of Western Australia. It is unfortunate that most 'Youth Movements,' the Scouts or the Buchman Groups, are implicitly anti-intellectual. I would not divorce the adventures of the mind. Certain of the University Prizes, the Craven and the Hertford, are often con-

sidered the coveted beginnings of great careers. I wish that England herself, through her Board of Education, or rather through her King and his Board of Education, would grant such prizes yearly for the highest achievement in Art and Science and Literature in the schools. Honour to whom honour is due. The greatest publicity in press and wireless should be given to the awards. High endeavour and service should be incentives to youth.

I am troubled about education in England, and chiefly because of the teachers. They seem to have not sufficient sense of a calling or real responsibility for the future of England, and yet are very sensitive about their own status. Too often they are concerned with their salaries, which, indeed, are not what they should be, and bitterly resent any supposed slight by their richer neighbours in trade and commerce.

England herself has not been wise or blameless in depreciating those on whom her future is greatly dependent, and affording them a status within the commonwealth from which bitterness may arise.

## THIRTEEN

### THE SATURNIAN LAND

'THERE WAS A TIME WHEN MEADOW, GROVE, AND STREAM,  
THE EARTH, AND EVERY COMMON SIGHT,  
TO ME DID SEEM  
APPARELL'D IN CELESTIAL LIGHT,  
THE GLORY AND THE FRESHNESS OF A DREAM.'

WORDSWORTH.

I HOPE I MAY END THIS SECTION on the future of English children more personally. All we hope for the future of English children is, indeed, an extension of our hopes for our own sons. And no man is so democratically minded that he does not hope for aristocracy for his children. We laugh at fathers who confidently expect all their children to be Rugger Internationals and Prime Ministers at the same time. But secretly all fathers are at one with them. We honour the good and humble callings of clerks and carpenters and fishermen, but we would wish our sons, who maybe must follow such callings, to look beyond these horizons and to think thoughts beyond the bounds of their workshops. And we do well to hope their name and their honour may extend wider and be known of men. The Apostles were fishermen, but were Apostles because they caught men. And so I am not content to train my sons only for their livelihood, but that, whatever their livelihood, they may be valued by their fellow-men for width and vitality of interest and intellect. And that should be a meaning of Education. My sons and their con-

temporaries will be the new Elizabethans. So let us see what little we fathers can do for the inheritors of such a destiny and the subjects of the coming great Queen.

My eldest son was born seven years ago and called John for good democratic reasons, and Robin because a brown-headed little bird with a good John Bull waistcoat perched upon his pram. His brother, David Francis, is three years younger.

First, besides studying Wellsian materialist History, I mean them to hear some of the useless storics of,

‘gladness in a fight,  
Of men who face a hopeless hill  
With sparking and delight.’

and

‘The song of fighters great and small,  
The song of pretty fighters all  
And high heroic things.’

of Socrates drinking the hemlock in the certainty that death was nothing bad to a good man; of the Romans, Varro and Fabius, who did not despair of the State, and the kings like them nearer home, Alfred and Bruce. And I want them to know of English endeavour and adventure and noble purpose that they may know themselves citizens of no mean city.

Above all, I wish them to know their country. And they live in a country where England began. They can see the towers of Canterbury Cathedral, though not quite from the angle that the pilgrims used to catch their first glimpse from Harbledown, falling on their knees when they passed the little leper church, and where Chaucer and his company of Englishmen came on an April evening telling very English—for who minds their French or Italian origin?—and unrepeatable stories. And not very

far away on Deal beach Cæsar's Tenth Legion anticipated Gallipoli by two thousand years and fought their way ashore among the surf and the chariot scythes. And from there at their second coming they climbed the Downs and made their very foolhardy march through the woods inland, leaving their galleys to be wrecked by the high channel tides. At the stream at Bridge they met their enemies' cavalry, and, beyond on a little island, found the timber stockade of the Cantii, the curious Belgian people who give their name to Kent and Canterbury. That stockade which fell after a desperate resistance was where the Canterbury West Gate Tower stands, past which all the traffic to the coast goes unknowing. Through the forests where the legions passed they built the roads, the one that to-day leads to Dover and the one to Hythe. The country was covered with oak forests in those days. Some of that timber still supports the Cathedral roof. The trees were to be felled through the ages to build ships for King Alfred and Drake and Nelson, and other trees have taken their place, cherry trees and apple trees and trees to shelter hop gardens in a land now more like Troezen or Colonos. And such is the country with a growing prosperous agriculture our children are to know.

Near where they first landed, the Romans built their naval station, Richborough, a town of ships and oysters to grace their emperors' tables. In a field by the town is still the great granite base of the lighthouse that guided the busy shipping of the narrow seas long ago. Workmen digging the railway cutting through the Roman fortifications found in the depths of the Roman ditch a Viking's sword, witness of our second great invasion. On the other coast lies the little island of Sheppey, where Hengist camped for a year. It is within my sight as I write, and to-day we

can hear guns from there that shake our houses and aeroplanes from the aerodrome at Leysdown fly along the shores—England's guardians and watchers for more modern invaders and raiders.

Between Sheppey and the shore is the Swale, that little branch of the sea, also with mud flats and oyster beds. Turner used to sit in the garden of the 'Rose in Bloom' in Whitstable and watch and paint the light upon the shallow tide across that mud. And nowhere can the light on water be more beautiful. I have often driven along that ugly bungalowd shore in the early mornings and seen the gulls floating, or sometimes herons standing, in the shallow water like the angels of God in 'unapproached light.' And particularly the autumn morning light also is beautiful on poplars and oaks and cherry trees of the country just inland where in more earthly fashion sit lines of crows on the branches like benches of bishops cawing of theology.

Along the Roman ruined roads from the coast came St. Augustine and the monks, 'with a silver cross before them singing low,' and found St. Martin's church in ruins and the other on whose foundations he was to begin the Cathedral, when England again became part of Europe's civilization.

The Romans used to take their sons to the Forum and the Curia only to see and to hear their great men, so it is good for our children to know the Cathedral where the Black Prince now in golden armour and Henry the usurper of his son have come together in the presence of God. In Canterbury we can still show children the picture book windows where those who could not read learnt their Scripture lessons, and the graves of the great men, Anselm, Lanfranc, and Becket, who kept our English history to the traditions of Christendom. The preaching of Social Credit and

a narrow Socialism is, we hope, but a small break in the really catholic gospel of the past.

Inland across the Swale is Faversham where King Stephen and Queen Matilda founded their great Abbey. A whole street is built of its ruins, and there the King's body was brought for burial. His bones were cast out at the Reformation, but if the right ones were later recovered from the ditches he still lies in the church. And across to Faversham from Canterbury came the butcher's son, Christopher Marlowe, to write of murdered Arden and the hanging of his pretty wife. And the officious Faversham fishermen brought back escaping James across the marshes there to embarrass William and Mary.

Such is the country with the no less real travellers on their way to Gadshill where the fat highwayman was waiting, and with another little pilgrim called David seeking his aunt, Betsey Trotwood.

By hearing such tales may a boy know and love his country. So he may also by courting nature's own interpreters, the other migrants and conquerors of England, the birds. For birds also, even the migrants, are lovers of their birthplace. I remember when I was a boy at Padstow swallows nested there in an old barn and returned year by year to repair their nests, and I have seen their descendants in the same place after thirty years.

'Birds are of all animals the nearest to men for that they take delight in both music and dance, and gracefully schooling leisure to enliven life were the earliest artists.'

Since the time of the legends of Philomela and Procne and Tereus, and since Virgil wrote of the wise weather prophets and likened the wandering souls of men to the exhausted migrants hiding in the leaves

from the wind and the rain, men have sometimes tried to turn their shyness to confidence. Those that do so, be they poets or statesmen, as Lord Grey, know the meaning of the love of a country. So even within the limits of our somewhat suburban garden we feed the sparrows and starlings and chaffinches, and sacrifice our peas and keep the cats at bay.

So in an atmosphere of legend and literature and nature I hope my sons will grow, and that this country of Kent with cherry orchards and woods of primroses and bluebells, and the land below Wye of fields and timbered houses, may be for them the fountain of fine feeling and thought as Colonos was to Sophocles and the 'Saturnian land' to Virgil.

Old nineteenth-century Squire Brown wished his son Tom to become a gentleman and a Christian. To-day we would wish something more, and I wish my sons to have some greatness of intellect and character. A wish for greatness is safer in England than in any other country in the world. There was a saying that all great men are bad ; and hence all the pother of Nietzsche and the Germans about the Superman for whom the ordinary rules of morality do not apply. To take Nietzsche's own example, the humble man who keeps his temper is certainly better than Alexander the Great who lost his in drink and killed his friend, even though Alexander's achievements have been beneficial to the world. But I think with our English sense of compromise and moderation and patriotic service we strive for a unique, less personal greatness. 'Vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself' is not generally an English vice. In few other countries is so much accomplished in letters and in science and commerce as well as in politics with such little lust for aggrandisement. In no other country is it so easy for a man to retire ; as



Shakespeare back to Stratford or Lord Baldwin the other day back to Bewdley and the places of early inspiration. It is the English tradition that our great men keep their integrity. So in wishing for greatness for my sons I am not wishing for anything that may do violence to their souls. For withal there is a moral obligation in being an Englishman. Mr. Chamberlain has said 'An ancient historian once wrote of the Greeks that they made gentle the life of the world. . . . I can imagine no nobler ambition for an English statesman than to win the same tribute for his own country.'

Hellenism passed beyond the bounds of race, and in many ways we are its heirs. So this is the particularly English aspect of Hellenism, consideration for every man's feelings and thoughts. Parliamentary Democracy is our expression of it and because of this must be defended. But we should also remember that there can be no system so rigid, built by abstract and collective ideas, through which the flowers of human personality will not sooner or later thrust their way. So it is our duty, and will be the duty of our sons, to look below the stubborn surfaces. Or to express it in another way; we cannot keep a man or a woman or child out of the English landscape for long. And perhaps it is for Englishmen of the generation at play to encourage the appearance of individuals in landscapes elsewhere, be they drawn never so sublimely of the Black Forest or so drearily of the Tundras and Steppes.

PART THREE

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THE TRADITION IN THE WORLD  
AND THE FUTURE



## FOURTEEN

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### POPULATION

'UNA DE MULTIS FACE NUPTIALI  
DIGNA.'

IIORAGE.

WE HAVE CONSIDERED the future of England in her children. Let us now consider the future of the British race more generally. It may be that that future should be regarded with optimism if we see rightly. We are too much concerned, it has been said, with the antics of Dictators and suchlike in Europe. 'They will strut and fret their hour upon the stage, and then be heard no more,' like the War Lords of China. Economically, which means here for the world's future, Sydney, Vancouver, and Johannesburg, and also New York and Chicago, are of far greater importance than Berlin, Rome, or Paris, or Madrid. And so, if we are sensible, the future lies with us and the Americans.

It has also been suggested that if the Dominions and Colonies were strategically self-sufficient and accordingly less obvious prizes for some conqueror of England, England would correspondingly be less liable to be attacked by continental Powers and could disinterest herself in Europe.

Though exaggerated, there is some truth in these suggestions. Even without the tempting spaces beyond, as before there was a British Empire, it would be our necessity to maintain command of

the narrow seas and the integrity of the Low Countries. But stronger Dominions with greater Imperial Unity would ease this task.

It is an obvious mistake to underestimate the economic and even cultural importance of the eighty million inhabitants of Germany. But it is also a mistake to assume that that importance will be exactly what present Nazism thinks. And it is not inevitable that German interests should fatally clash with our Imperial development and our economic co-operation with America. It may indeed be that, if we are sensible, the future lies with us and the Americans ; yet it depends on two vital factors, unity and population. Hence the great importance of the Ottawa agreements for the unity of the Empire and the attempt to reach with the Trade Agreement with the United States a greater unity of aim and understanding with them. And closely involved with imperial unity is strategy. It is for strategic reasons that foreigners, the Japanese particularly, regard the Statute of Westminster as a gigantic bluff. The Dominions cannot be equal partners with us so long as they depend so much on us for defence. They can proclaim again and again that the Crown is divisible and that if England is at war they can be neutral, but if Australia is at war England very emphatically is not neutral. And so Australia and New Zealand can have little control over their foreign policy, and cannot organize a boycott or unduly annoy Japan at a time when the British Fleet cannot be based on Singapore.

This of course brings us back to the other vital factor, population. Here the bearing on strategy is even more obvious. The dangers of a falling population in a perhaps still savage world is curiously minimised in some quarters. In the future, it is

argued, mere weight of numbers will count less and less in war; that with mechanized armies efficiency of machinery and industrial production will be the decisive factors. The chief quality of mechanized troops is their speed of manoeuvre. But it may well be that the big gun, with increasing accuracy of fire, will prove a most effective answer to mechanization. The big gun by its own nature is bound to be a slow-moving vehicle and can only be a decisive weapon when there are sufficient infantry to seize the bombarded positions. These things are incalculable at present, but we are unable to assume that numbers of infantry will no more count. The Sino-Japanese struggle will have some important lessons to teach us. Also the efficiency of machinery and industrial production must eventually depend on population. I have given a military example, but it is meant to suggest the temerity of those who prophesy the elimination of men by machines in any side of life.

The population problem for us should be really more urgent than for other people because we have the longest strategic line to defend in the world's history, a line altogether too heavily weighted at our end. It should be our desire for the Dominions to acquire the status of Great Powers. It was once said of the Dominions: "Get population and all these things shall be added unto you," a truism forgotten by their statesmen to-day. They should be to the greatest extent dependent on England to-day for their future man-power.

It should be clear that if the population problem is to be considered scientifically a great deal more data will have to be got, and that this inevitably will involve much minor inconvenience to individuals. People of the Press and elsewhere who childishly shout 'Nosey Parker' at the suggestion of asking any

questions are quite definitely anti-social. However, there are certain things which well might be done without waiting for further analysis.

First there is a reform which surprisingly, as far as I know, has never been suggested, but is logical and desirable for many other reasons. The vote should be given to children. Children exercise their civil rights such as suing at law through their legal guardians, and there is really no reason why they should not exercise the franchise through their legal guardians. The legal guardianship of children being jointly held by the two parents, the franchise should be allotted to the parents alternatively with their children; that is, the father should vote for his first-born and the mother for the second and so on. Doctor Barnado's Homes undoubtedly provide a problem. Perhaps we could make the greatest pocket borough in History and have a special constituency for orphanages. However, mainly it would be a just and desirable reform. The essence of Democracy is that the vote is not granted for any qualification but as the right of all who as English people have to live under the Law and Constitution and contribute by taxation and service to the Nation's welfare. This argument is used to-day to fight any plurality vote, in particular the Universities' Representation, which I hope may long continue. But it is difficult to see on what Democratic principles the vote could be withheld from children.

One of the most just criticisms levelled at Democracy lies in the saying, 'the unborn have no votes.' It is more just still to-day as the pressure of immediate urgent business makes the temptation to deal with our problems piecemeal and hand to hand very great, and measures suggested for the benefit of a far future England make little appeal to the electorate. 'The unborn have no votes,' but at least we can give the

just-born votes. And it is possible that the father or the mother voting on behalf of their children would regard it more as a responsibility and a duty than as a privilege and would be less likely to cast these votes for rash or frivolous or local or immediate reasons.

It will be said that there is no public demand for it, which if sufficient reason for withholding a desirable reform, is also a sufficient reason for damning Democracy. Such a case as this is one for educating the people 'from above' and for passing the measure as a non-party bill by agreement.

Perhaps an agitation is necessary. Personally, as a schoolmaster, I should be delighted to organize bands of brats to knock off policemen's hats and let loose white mice on the House of Commons.

There are other things that should be done to check the population fall which possibly public opinion itself may eventually demand but which would annoy some people. But it is essential if the problem is to be tackled at all for some people to be annoyed.

Most people would say that the cause of falling population was birth control. But we can make no progress unless we consider it not as a cause but as an effect. A minority of people also would say that an important cause was a falling in the fertility of the race. This is, of course, a question for biologists, but I think that this also may be considered as an effect of the same cause as a cause of birth control—late marriage and postponed motherhood. Naturally the body of the young female human being is developed and fit for child-bearing before growth is complete, that is among northern peoples from about the age of seventeen onwards. In warmer climates it is much earlier even than this. The body having become suitable for child-bearing and having demanded it



and been refused, it adjusts itself to do without and the bones and physique become set, and then child-bearing is asked of it. But Nature will not readjust herself to suit our social convenience. Hence are confinements difficult and, with stresses and weaknesses intensified, frequent confinements become impossible. So one of the main reasons for birth control is consideration of the woman's health. And the problem of population is a modern aspect of the old problem of Ethics, of the value of individual, perhaps beloved, life in conflict with the future.

Opinion about early marriage is unsound, generally because people are frightened by the idea of sex, or at any rate of marriage, for the young. The Welsh have a far healthier outlook on this than the English. In Wales marriage is undertaken at an early natural age and quite regardless of economic conditions. Sex is not a sugar plum reward for those who have made money. But in England from all quarters it is suggested to young girls that 'there is plenty of time for all that later,' when there isn't; and that it is much better to 'enjoy yourself first while you are young,' as if joy ceases with the marriage ceremony. It is difficult to decide whether sentimentality or cynicism is the motive, but the result is the illusion shared by most girls that with marriage their interests and freedom are lost. This advice is generally more insidiously and more plausibly given by schoolmistresses thus: 'Marriage need not be important for you and at any rate you should for some years earn your own living that you may be "economically independent," and that you may "widen your outlook" and "get cultural and spiritual benefit."' This is generally followed up with usual feminist contention that 'marriage is not a full-time job but a way of life,' so that a girl is advised to keep a job when married with the obvious curtail-

ment of the family. It is suggested that there is something derogatory in rearing children and, as I have heard it fatuously but earnestly put, 'women should do something really creative to develop their full personality.' The assumption is that it is more creative and of greater value to work a typewriter or organize a business or look after other people's children dumped in a crèche than to look after your own. Thus does the Dean of Canterbury affirm as evidence of the moral superiority of Soviet Russia over Germany that in Russia women are 'free' but in Germany they are going 'back to the kitchen and the nursery.' Feminism has a very heavy indictment to answer to the future.

This deplorable outlook is the effect of our faulty moral education. Boys and girls are still taught to value success not for its opportunities, but for its worth to themselves. So men and women seek for places of petty responsibilities and dignity as though these were the most desirable of attainments. Children also think that happiness is impossible alone or with a few, but that it is found in a crowd; and they are taught that culture is got by continual movement and travel and contacts and meeting people, not necessarily by understanding their thought, but only by collecting their ideas. So imparting ideas to infants who cannot be expected to swop bright notions with you is sheer loss to the sum total of your personality. And if you are a mother with a husband and babies—such is the logic—it is impossible to write all those books that women are strangely so proud of, and to contribute to civilization. From this pathetic conception of culture comes the monstrous doctrine that motherhood is a cramping of a woman's soul.

Far greater opportunities, however, should be found for women earning money after the age of forty, and

after they have reared children, to acquire, if the phrase must be used, a wider outlook. There is every reason why mothers of families should be recruited for teaching, and other professions, and suitable scales of salaries should be considered for older ladies entering such callings.

The other main reason for birth control is economic. As girls are encouraged to marry too late, so our economy makes it difficult for men to marry and have children under the age of twenty-eight or thirty. Particularly is this true among the professional and middle classes, where the fall of the birth rate is most marked. Apart from the obvious undesirability of this unnatural state, men over thirty, in spite of the contrary opinion, do prefer to choose their wives near their own age. Doctor Inge once wrote: 'We pay our young men too little and our old men too much.' Particularly is this true of the ever-increasing number of men in pensionable service under scales of pay, bank and insurance employees, civil servants, and suchlike. All the scales of pay are unsoundly arranged with the maximum far too late. So even where the maximum is a good one marriage is most often not practical till thirty and a family of more than two or three before middle age involves a disproportionate sacrifice in the standard of life. In some employments also, a change in the mode of life, a failure to 'keep up appearances,' may even still bring a risk. Even where there is no risk the horrid deity of 'appearances' will long be adored. And at middle age it is too late. In addition, some institutions, the banks for example, incredibly but apparently ignorant that it is anti-social, even forbid marriage altogether to their employees under a certain age or salary figure. Such restrictions should on any sane view of the matter be made illegal, but as yet no one, so far as I know, has

even suggested that they are morally bad. But what can we think when, by way of example, the leading laymen of the Church of England, including Mr. Athelstan Riley and, surprisingly, Lord Halifax, go out of their way to suggest to the bishops to exact promises from their ordinands to refrain from marriage for a number of years during curacy. And some of the bishops are quite glad to comply. The reason naïvely given for this interference was that 'candidates for orders are now generally recruited from a class where early marriage is the custom.' Complete celibacy of the clergy is understandable. It is difficult to understand how such a treatment to suit a temporary convenience is consistent with the doctrines that marriage is a sacrament.

By way of a better example I wish the Government would set about revising those scales of pay it controls directly, such as those of the various branches of the Civil Service, and those it controls indirectly, such as the teachers'. They should be revised so that payments rise steeply during the early years and reach the maxima for men about the age of thirty, even though this in most cases would involve considerable reduction in the maxima as they are at present. There would, no doubt, be howls of rage from people of my generation, but we are a lost generation anyway. The other alternative, perhaps more likely to come in the end but now even more likely to meet opposition because of the feminist idolatry of the 'equal work for equal pay' slogan, is marriage and family allowances.

It will be assumed by many that it is undesirable for men under thirty in positions of no great responsibility to earn higher incomes. Unless some greater sense of duty and obligation is fostered this may well be so. But earlier marriages and family responsi-

bilities may help to bring this about, and with this a greater sense of obligation towards parents. It is a curious fact that those who are always bewailing the breaking of commandments forget the fifth. It has been said that the average Englishman thanks heaven he has got a father whereas it should be the father who should thank heaven he has a son. A son should be an asset and an insurance against old age. There must indeed, I think, be something wrong with both the ethical sense and the economy of a community where grown sons are often unlimited liabilities.

## FIFTEEN

### STOKE CLIMSLAND. AGRICULTURE

'BENEATH THOSE RUGGED ELMS, THAT YEW TREE'S SHADE.'

GRAY.

THE OTHER VITAL FACTOR I suggested as essential for the future of the British race was unity. I used the word with rather a wide connotation, but did so wishing to emphasize that any future policy of England must more and more be shaped for the good of the British race as a whole and therefore more and more in concert with the Dominions. And there are certain facts to be remembered all the time. These are population, the fact that the population is mostly concentrated in England, and the fact that the Anglo-Saxon population of the United States is roughly twice that of the Anglo-Saxon population of the British Empire.

There should be, I think, three aims. First to restore at least a little the balance between Town and Country in England, thereby mitigating strategic dangers and less obvious but also vital economic dangers for the future that are already apparent as a permanent unemployment problem apart from any boom or slump. Our second aim is to assist the development of the Dominions, particularly their industrial development, and to help them make a greater use of their natural resources so that in themselves in wealth, power, and numbers they may become comparable to other Great Powers. And our

third aim should be to see that the Dominions' development does not disturb good relations with the United States or American business interests, but rather that by economic agreement their development should be by financial and business ties advantageous to America.

As a step towards the attainment of our first aim, which is the most immediately urgent because of its bearing on the unemployment problem, the suggested amalgamation of the Board of Trade with the Ministry of Agriculture might be carried out. For the policies of these two departments, when separate, are often inevitably at variance. And the terms of reference of the Forestry Commission should be widened to include the development of all derelict land.

The example of the Rectory Farm at Stoke Climsland is suggestive. Of the many schemes to settle unemployed men on the land and revive English agriculture this has been one of the most successful. When I had the privilege of being shown round by its chief, Canon Andrews, I was particularly interested in the possibility of its reproduction in other places. The Rectory Farm is quite distinct from the Duchy of Cornwall land at Stoke Climsland. Apart from a few fields rented from the Duchy, it consists of the Rectory—a large barracks—its outbuildings and the garden and glebe land, the property of the Rectors of Stoke Climsland. I do not know the acreage exactly, but it is very small. The scheme was started in 1931 at the suggestion of the Duke of Windsor, to whose interest, undoubtedly, its success is greatly indebted. At that time two men were engaged to bring certain waste land into use. In August, 1937, there were fifty-two men in regular employment on the farm, and more were about to be taken on. None of them have had any previous experience or training. Though

some men, as the result of their training on the farm, have acquired more skilled and well-paid work, there has been no failure and no man has been dismissed.

The extraordinary ingenuity with which men are transferred from one type of work to another within such a narrow compass, until suitable niches are found for them to be happy and most useful, is evident from the moment you enter the farm. The first things I noticed were artificial decorations made for hotel gala nights and Christmas trees. Particularly attractive were some painted birds made of pine-cones and wax. In the kitchen, flowers were being packed for dispatch to Covent Garden. Picked in bud for their boxes, to open in London, they were very fresh and very beautiful. For the year 1937 the farm produced nearly fifty thousand gladioli. There was one lovely new gladiolus shade in mauve as yet quoted in no catalogue in the country, beautifully fresh for an exotic bloom. With the crimson and the golden they are fitting little swords for a new army of employed. The young man packing these gladioli was shortly to leave, to take a well-paid job at Covent Garden with good prospects.

Out of doors men were planting out the next year's bulbs—daffodils, tulips, and narcissi. They had been piled in thousands in sheds. Every bulb is taken up every year and scientifically treated to prevent pests. Generally the best types of tulips and daffodils are destroyed by particular grubs, and that is what makes them expensive. The ordinary market gardener, of course, does not treat his bulbs thus, because it requires an immense amount of labour. But at Stoke Climsland that is just what is wanted. In this kind of farming, particularly fruit, flowers, and vegetables, the work has been described as a continual fight against disease. Two things together only can conquer



pests and make crops grow—Science and Labour. When any particular crop, cauliflowers for instance, fails to come up to expectations, instead of reducing labour or substituting another crop, more labour is allotted to it, the conditions are exhaustively examined, and the best scientific advice is sought in manuring or sterilization from pests. There was a very striking example of this in the case of strawberries. All the growers in the district, after several years' failure with strawberries, were abandoning them, declaring the soil and the climate were becoming unsuitable. But it was discovered that the problem was really, as usual, one of pests prevalent in the district. So after picking, the straw was set alight as a preliminary cleansing and then all the suckers for the next season's crop, numbering thousands, were taken up and scientifically treated and sterilized. By this a record crop was produced. Of course the ordinary smallholder is not able and has not the resources to do this at present. And he is naturally unwilling to spend money to persevere with his failures.

The future of British agriculture does not lie in the production of staple foods, corn, and meat. This, of course, needs qualification. In Scotland, for instance, on particular pasturage sheep will always be reared, and there will always be a market for their wool in carpet and rug manufacture. And there will always be a steady though small demand for English mutton, and, however much Danish and New Zealand butter and cheese are imported, our dairy herds must always be maintained. However, without a general tariff, which is out of the question, England never can compete with the mass production of Canada and the Argentine. For some people this may be a hard saying, but it is none the less true.

It is obvious to anyone who looks at the English

country-side that there are large areas of land wasting or producing at a loss or bare profit. On this land a determined effort should be made to produce the less staple foods : fruit, vegetables, and pigs, and poultry. And it is these branches of farming that should employ most labour. To-day they are chiefly associated with Kent, where there has been greater agricultural prosperity than elsewhere. It is all these things that are produced intensively and scientifically at Stoke Climsland—fruit, vegetables, pigs, and poultry. And the purpose of this chapter is to suggest that Stoke Climsland shows us the way to redress the balance, anyway a little, between Town and Country and remove the reproof of the foreigner that Englishmen can colonize every country but their own. Nor would this be to the detriment of industry. Though industry is slow to realize it, a more populous agriculture is its gain, giving it an immediate market that may offset the losses resulting from the growth of industries in the Dominions.

It is often contended, with the evidence of past failures, that English people from urban districts will never be content in the country, that fields and hedgerows are poor substitutes for cinemas and shops, and that they will inevitably drift back to the towns at the first opportunity or reverse. This is superficially true of people who with hope and expectation have settled on the land and relied on little help and their own ignorance. Such inevitably discover even less security than in industry. But it is a shockingly short view of English character. A complete refutation of it is found in Mr. Tomlinson's book *Coal Miner*. The housing scheme at Stoke Climsland is also a reliable witness against it. I do not think we shall ever get people working in happiness on the land if we merely put them there to take root of themselves. We must

graft them again to the tree that is English country life.

The housing scheme is now in operation. Some of the down-and-outs from industry and casual labour of a few years ago, now in secure employment and content, are married and have families, and houses have to be built for their permanent settlement. The housing scheme is in a sense the climax, because it forms the nucleus of the new village.

Is it possible to get nuclei up and down the country round which a new agriculture may develop?

It is curious that when we have an apparently insoluble problem, if we consider it in isolation there is no light. But if we bring in somebody else's darkness, that is, regard it alongside some other person's insoluble problem, we are able to see our way through each.

A most difficult and pressing problem engaging the Church of England to-day is the poverty of some of the clergy. There are rich livings, but as parishes are endowed and not the Church of England as a corporate body, redistribution is extremely difficult. The problem has become much more urgent since the passing of the Tithe Bill. One of the most ironic aspects is that often a parson with a small but otherwise adequate income, as Rector of the parish, is compelled to live in a huge house designed in the eighteenth century for fox-hunting ecclesiastics. It is small consolation for a clergyman with an income of £300 a year to dwell in a mansion rent free with high rates, no gas or electricity and a first year's dilapidations bill of £400, and to be considered wealthy by his neighbours. And for his wife with no maid, it is no consolation at all.

Most of these houses, with sixteen or twenty bedrooms, are very depressing places. Some of them

have large gardens and glebe land going to waste. A little capital would be required to buy a number of them. The owners would doubtless be delighted to deliver the whole white elephant herd for nothing. It could be done by forming a Chartered Company to acquire these properties and develop them. Most of them, of course, would not be able to support the number of men Stoke Climsland does. But they would form connected points up and down the country, the nuclei of new villages. Liaison should be kept between them, so that men who found their particular first jobs uncongenial could be moved about till they were satisfied.

The difficulties in the way, as always in agricultural schemes, are very great and must not be ignored. Two of the most obvious are the effect of the settlements on the existing agricultural economy in their districts, and the problem of markets.

It would be a mistake to regard settlements on the land anywhere as hostile to existing farms. At Stoke Climsland there was at first a certain anxiety among local growers, yet it has been found that the greater prosperity of the neighbourhood has more than offset any increased competition. And the scheme is welcomed in the village, since it has cured local unemployment and enables more money to be earned by casual overtime work. These 'Rectory Settlements' should be regarded chiefly as centres whence scientific advice and help may be spread. They would operate in detail in the same way as the West Malling Research Station does in Kent.

The Stoke Climsland farm disposes of its produce to Covent Garden and to various hotels and institutions. The disposal of perishable stuff, fruit and vegetables, is obviously made much easier by canning. The difficulty has been that this is uneconomic in small

quantities. A fruit farm in Worcestershire, however, has recently set up its own apparatus and is successful. A Chartered Company controlling the settlements could undoubtedly run its own canning and if necessary over a number of years build up a big reserve for food.

The suggestions here expressed will doubtless meet serious criticism, yet I believe the main plan of settling nuclei of intensive, scientific agriculture in derelict rectories a sound one. Whether a Chartered Company is the best method is questionable. Perhaps a better way would be for the Church of England to set up some organization herself and work in collaboration with the Ministry of Agriculture. In this way these settlers would perhaps again fit into the traditions and past of the English country-side, and beneath the shadows of the parish churches, the strong roots of England stir again into life.

An important feature of this settlement scheme would be that, while the marketing and research and liaison should be the work of some large corporation, a Chartered Company or suchlike, each settlement should constitute in itself a small farm. The central organization should be ready to assist all other farmers and growers with advice concerning crop rotation, manures and the suitability of soils and markets, with hire of expensive machinery and credits and temporary labour for land improvement, but it should not try to acquire others' agricultural land.

There are two objects before us in trying to get more people working and living on English land, first the greater production of our food and second a moral object, the cultivation of a kind of life of which mankind is in need always. And this would mean a reinvigorating of traditional English qualities. Some

people would consider the first of these only and dismiss the second as sentiment.

Yet man is more than an economic animal. Before the Fall he was elder brother to his animals, and when he fell 'Righteousness departing left her last footprints in the Country.' So we must bring more than our economic or even urban thoughts to our problems. For this is what industry-bred Socialism does. For it conceives Agriculture as just another industry and means of profits and wages, and accordingly 'nationalizable' and by 'planning' to be made more machine-like 'efficient.' And this 'planning for efficiency' in the minds of most Socialists means that, under their central bureaucratic Board, all farmers made tenants of the Government may be pressed into 'amalgamation in bigger units so that production will be more efficient, worked on a larger scale.' Thus are the English Kulaks to be liquidated.

A Socialist writer has remarked how, crossing Europe in an aeroplane, in all countries the cultivated land resembles patchwork or distorted chess boards with the hedges and fences forming little squares and oblongs with no uniformity about production at all; until he comes to Russia. Here there is no more patchwork but broad stretches of the Communal Farms growing uniform crops. And it is suggested how much more economic and 'scientific' and productive this is than the wasteful, competitive methods of 'Capitalist' countries.

So the land is not to be regarded as the well-beloved, but a slave to be raped of its virtue and made to produce and produce. And the land won't do it. For already the dust storms and the drought and the diseases of the animals are appearing. We are passing into the age of dust bowls. In the end the intimate small farms and ownerships will produce

more and more steadily than the big 'business-like' food mines.

There is more concerning this than the question of the rotation of crops and the uses of artificial manures. The difference between such farms as Stoke Climsland and all the Socialist Nationalization schemes is that Stoke Climsland tries to bring some people back to 'where they belong' while Socialism would remove 'them as belong' in favour of 'pseudo-scientists.' For this science in its materialism is a mistaken teaching. The broad efficient farms from the Roman 'latifundia' with their slave labour and communal cages and slave overseers to the Russian communal farms are evil things. The land particularly should be in a peculiarly intimate way private property because it possesses its owners. It is a means of livelihood and not of wealth.

Much of this book will be called Propaganda. That is an ugly word and often the name for an ugly activity. It is said even that all Propaganda is wrong because its concern is not Truth. But Politics are sometimes concerned with the art of living, and are the province of Ethics and Poetry. I recall the greatest work of all Propaganda, written for a Dictatorship and also preaching a return to the country life, Virgil's *Georgics*. And writing at a time similar to ours, with social unrest, political change and unemployment, his aim was not primarily economic. Nor did he seek a return to the cheap slave run farms of the republic where the labour was only part of the overhead charges and much the same as modern industrial pieces of machinery ruthlessly to be scrapped and replaced when production went down. His first aim was moral, to get the free yeoman back to the knowledge of his animals and trees and the birds; and to know the values of the soils for the raising of

many kinds of crops, to consider signs of weather changes and how closely was the growing of the seeds entwined with the phases of the moon and the rising and setting of the stars.

It is curious how the classical ideal inspiring the *Georgics* is exactly the opposite to that of Liberalism. For Free Trade is not the 'white winged Peace maker.' The cause of Man's Fall from the grace of the Golden Age was Greed, the maker of Trade and Luxury and Strife. And such things will continue to exist while Man is not content to live on the food and weave his clothing and build his dwellings from the stuffs of his own country. Of the two ideals there can be little doubt that Virgil's is the higher. In individual ethics men are of higher value who seek solitude and contemplation and friendship than the restless ones whose ideal is ceaseless companionship and movement and ephemeral possessions—the 'get together' preachers of the 'more we are together, the happier we shall be' gospel.

Is, then, Economic Nationalism and the old Tory principle of 'keeping the wealth in the country' the best way for Man after all? And is Mahatma Gandhi a prophet also for us, teaching the return to the village and hand crafts from religious motives with the total rejection of the products of the industrial world?

There is an apparent contradiction in the Conservative national and imperial creed. It was remarked concerning the Free Trade, Tariff Reform struggle what a paradox it was that Liberals whose concern was the maintenance and extension of Foreign Trade should be politically 'little Englanders' and look askance at a great navy, and that Conservatives who desired us to grow most of our food urged the building of the ships.



But the contradiction is apparent, not real. First, men are mistaken who divide all into black and white, or spiritual and material—a habit excusable perhaps for those whose landscapes are mostly rocks and eternal snow, but not for Englishmen whose eyes are familiar to many shadings of light and colour. For example, the distinction between Pure and Applied Mathematics is arbitrary and not real. It is wrong, when we speak of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony, the creation of Man's imaginative and mathematical genius, as spiritual, to dismiss as merely material such products of science and industry such as a Rolls-Royce engine. The creations of Man's imaginative and mathematical genius cannot be wholly material.

The Conservative rightly regards English influence in the world as an expression of the qualities bred in England and is insistent that the place of their breeding should be inviolate, and that Englishmen should not be separated from the means of the making of English qualities. So also we dislike the habit of excessive love of the Sun, the following, as the advertisements say, of the swallows in the winter. Rather let us consider more the robin and the thrush as English birds and learn that the English country is beautiful and healthy at all seasons of the year. Muddy boots do not bring pneumonia. But also we should know that it is a mistake for a People as for a man entirely to withdraw into quietism and self and that our imperial tradition is no mean thing to-day but the desire of the moral leadership of the world for an England that should be a Philosopher King among the nations.

## SIXTEEN

### CANADA

TO REPEAT THE OBVIOUS TRUISM, the industrial development of the nineteenth century destroyed the balance between town and country in England. In this we are in contrast to France where a proper equilibrium has given her, in spite of political shocks and shortcomings, great economic survival value and resilience. For the United States also similar conditions, if they manage their affairs wisely, should be the means of continual real wealth.

Since agricultural produce is the primary need of man when the balance between town and country is upset in any nation it has to be restored, if life is to continue, by bringing outside land into the economic orbit. This occurred in the nineteenth century when the agriculture of the Colonies and Dominions was developed to offset British industry. In spite of the theories of Free Trade the Empire did tend to become an economic unity, culminating in the Ottawa Agreements. So now the United States desires by negotiation a Trade Agreement with the whole British Empire, a most welcome probability foreseen at the time of the Ottawa Conference itself. Indeed it is possible that on these lines, the gradual formation of large economic unities and their subsequent overlapping, the world may derive some of those benefits the advocates of Free Trade so hopefully predicted.

The whole development of world economy has been

complicated by the British nineteenth-century philosophy of *laissez-faire* and its derivative Free Trade. To-day we are universally reaping its fruits and the taste of them is not least bitter in the British Dominions. The argument so often and so confidently asserted was that without artificial restrictions 'goods' will be produced in the most suitable places and conditions. Suitable is here synonymous with cheap. So Free Trade became in effect Freedom of Machinery. It was everywhere assumed that all you had to do was to set machinery going to create unlimited wealth. The essence of machine production was quantity and so, apart from the obvious advantages of beggaring your neighbour, it was important that the machine products should be quickly worn out and perishable. Otherwise there would be no permanent market. And so the wastage of material was enormous. But no matter, for machinery could then be employed to procure the primary products and raw materials. The fallacy of this rested on the mistaken belief that there are 'lots of good fish in the sea.' And even when men knew there were not, the lust for quick profits blinded their eyes for the future. So mines were sunk and worked with quite insufficient amortization or none at all. And the seas have been practically deprived of whales owing to the invention of the harpoon gun.

Man has rifled so much the store cupboards of his mother earth and lavished her superabundance that her bounties became too cheap and the trade of the world almost collapsed in the slump of trying to get rid of them. And this ironically occurred at a time when the supposed inexhaustible treasures gave signs of failing. Even in England we have been forced to note that the soil is failing and that the artificial manures adopted with such hope fifty years ago and

used with such confidence have only given us a 'quick return' and a snap profit and by violation taken the essential virtue from the land. So in every continent are the deserts advancing.

It is asserted with truth that the climate and rainfall of the Northern Hemisphere is to a great extent conditioned by the ebb and flow of the Polar Ice Cap which is itself conditioned by the cycle of sun spots. Hence is the reason for scientific expeditions to observe the winters of Greenland. It has been claimed that the 'Trade Cycle' can be directly traced to this weather cycle. This is a recognition of the essential harmony correlating all the rhythms of the Universe. And in this recognition and the study of the interrelation or rather unity of all dynamic processes lies the future civilization and the life of mankind. Man cannot control the sun spots, but he can greatly modify the resulting process by some control over the earth's vegetation.

Nowhere is this so vividly clear as in Canada. For years and decades the trade balance has been favourable. 'The nineteenth century is the century of the United States,' they said, 'the twentieth will be Canada's.' Thousands of millions of dollars' worth of man's most essential need, wheat, has been poured from her shores. In return she has a population of under ten millions in her vastness, large sections of which are hopelessly in debt, a serious unemployment problem of her own, an impoverished soil and much of it mortgaged. A measure of the waste of Canada may be found in the disappearance of her buffaloes. For of all the thousands of herds that lived on the prairie grasses, only a few survive to-day, artificially alive as curiosities in a National Park. For the ploughs destroyed the prairie grasses and where they grew are acres and acres and miles and miles of wheat,

and men trying to live quite literally on 'bread alone.' For these farms are one-product farms and have no farm-yard so that people can quite possibly starve on a farm. There are miles and miles of wheat and no chickens and no animals. It has been said that the severity of Canadian winters forbids the raising of stock, but once the buffaloes lived on the prairie. But the loss of the grasses, besides driving away the beasts, has changed the Canadian climate and brought the era of drought. In the times of drought, the grass roots being no more to bind the soil together, the winds, across the ploughed lands, take off their already failing fertility in storms of dust. So here particularly the prairie provinces fell into the slump between the glut on the market for their produce with its fall in price and the failure of the production of their land.

The most ironic of commentaries on all this is the doctrine of Social Credit with its pathetic faith that, after all the labour and production, the wealth really must be there and only needs to be distributed.

'The nineteenth century was the century of the United States, the twentieth will be the century of Canada.' Still the potentialities of Canada are enormous, and they can still be realized if not so many eggs are in one basket, even though wheat for long may be the most important of her products.

It has been told that, when the United States was essentially a primary producing country, the bankers and financial houses were for long chary of backing the schemes of Andrew Carnegie for the production of steel on the ground that 'we cannot compete with Great Britain.' To-day Bethlehem Steel alone has an annual output exceeding that of the whole of Britain. Perhaps it is also a significant fact that 90 per cent of the world's nickel is produced in Canada. There are

other signs of the industrial future of Canada, the discovery of the yet undeveloped oil-fields in Manitoba, the growing motor and aircraft manufacture at present by the subsidiary companies of the great American makers.

It is unlikely that Canada will become entirely a part of the American economy. Rather it should be her function to bring the whole Empire economy into closer relation with the United States. So it will not be without interest to England if the scheme for the widening of the St. Lawrence is accomplished, and through the Canadian estuary ocean liners can sail to the port of Chicago.

From the time of the Spanish-American War, English statesmanship impelled, first by the true instinct of Arthur Balfour, has realized the importance to the future of mankind for a harmony in the Anglo-Saxon world. We have done much in deference to American opinion which to many has seemed contrary to our interests, our sympathy with America in her contest with our old ally, Spain, our settlement with insurgent Ireland, and the Washington Treaties with the termination of the Japanese alliance and the costly necessity of Singapore. We will be justified by the far event. Slow though the ancient suspicions and prejudices are in going, if we are to be true to ourselves friendship between us is our destiny. So universally welcome in England was President Roosevelt's recent speech in Canada in effect extending the Munro Doctrine to her, a speech which a generation ago we should have resented, and which other countries, Germany for example, expected us to resent to-day.

Economically, though not politically perhaps, Dominion Status was premature, particularly in the case of the constitution of Canada where the provinces

have extensive powers which are generally exerted for far too parochial ends. For the development of Canada is the concern of the whole British race, and the position of Ottawa may make it the second capital of the Empire. For it is possible that England, even if peace becomes secure, may be faced with a different Europe from that of the past, a Europe with a predominant Power, and the bulk of trade and activity directly and indirectly under German control. In this case, it is possible that England should cease to bear alone the burden of the support of the Commonwealth, and become herself the link between the economy of the Dominions and the United States and that of Europe.

SEVENTEEN

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SOUTH AFRICA

EVEN MORE THAN CANADA is the Union of South Africa fitted by nature to be a great power. I do not know whether the extremely close resemblance to the United States, particularly the United States of a generation ago, has before been noted. The geography and latitude of South Africa in the Southern Hemisphere corresponds with that of the United States in the Northern. Both are situated in continents far from the strife of Europe from which they hope—doubtless vainly—to be exempt. However the fact remains that their distance from any powerful potential aggressor, if their defence is wisely considered, and also their economic possibilities, should make them nearly invulnerable. Unfortunately in the case of South Africa neither her defence nor economy is wisely considered. Both are nations formed from European emigrants long established, to which the English race has contributed large numbers. And even in the United States there are numerous families of Dutch origin, notably that of the present President, and New York was once New Amsterdam. The constitutions of both are Federations of original colonies so that the inevitable struggle between Federal and State rights is ever present in local politics. The more temperate parts of each country, the Northern States of America, and Cape Colony and Natal, have proved ideal white man's



country. In the Southern States and Northern parts of the Union white men have settled with not such happy results. They have depended upon black labour, slave or semi-slave, and the colour problem has been and remains increasingly important. Both countries have established their unity by bitter civil wars to which the negro question was a contributory factor. There are many other details where the parallel may be noted. Both have, for sentimental reasons, comparatively secondary cities as capitals called after the fathers of their countries, Washington and Pretoria, with second business capitals, great ports with continental hinterlands, New York and Cape Town. Agriculture has, as is natural, played the predominant part in the early economy of both, and, in both, there has been a rapid growth of mining and industry so that it may seem that in South Africa, as in the United States, that balance between Town and Country may become established which can give to a country a healthy and resilient economy. The coming of industrialism to South Africa as to the United States has meant the coming of the Jews, which, if racial antagonism can be avoided—which is unlikely—should add to her strength.

There is no need to press these parallels too far, but they are close enough to make any man optimistic for a great future for the Union. But—of course there is a but—there are lions in the way between hope and realization, the same two lions that face our eyes wherever to-day we look in the world, Deserts and Population. For, more deadly than the dust storms of America's middle west and Alberta, are the influences of the deserts of Africa. The Sahara is silently, insidiously spreading across in increasing fantastic acreage annually, aided indeed

by the lumbering of man, and, in contrast to Canada, also by the excessive number of the natives' cattle; but here human folly is less guilty and does little to aid the age-long ocean of sand and stone. For the desert belt has been advancing from primeval times, caused by world-wide, gradual and perhaps continuing movements of temperature and pressure belts as yet little understood. Across Arabia once there flowed a river great as the Euphrates, the Hamdh, and at certain seasons it can again become a torrent. And in even earlier times, flowing southward down Africa, was a river greater than the Nile or Zambezi, which washed to some undiscovered shore a great circle of gold. One point of this crown is the Witwatersrand reef and doubtless the other points and the rim will one day be traced.

So the prehistoric action of the deserts drying the sources of the floods was beneficent to South Africa, and at the recession of the Flood the foundations of Johannesburg were laid. And the wealth and the industry of the Union by fate was based on gold.

To return to our parallel with the United States, Johannesburg is, as described by its citizens, South Africa's 'miniature Chicago.' Rather it is like, I think, the earlier Chicago before it became surely established, a pioneer mushroom ephemeral town undetermined to become great or disappear. There is untold wealth beneath the Rand and stretching beyond but in many ways gold is a precarious commodity. Is it to prove the same foundation of prosperity as Chicago's cattle and wheat? The fluctuation of the exchange and the gold standard are the uncertain factors.

Mr. Priestley tells us that when he visited Hollywood the impression he had was that of impermanency. All the streets and buildings seemed like 'sets,'

plaster and canvas put up for the pictures, soon to be taken down again ; and all the people there seemed to be visitors passing through to see the shows. I have heard that this is also the impression people bring away from the South African cities, Johannesburg and Kimberley. Perhaps, but let us hope this is fanciful and diamonds are more enduring than shadows on a screen. Perhaps, after all, the lust for gold and diamonds, especially diamonds, surpasses the love of women. Maybe so, and there are many who tell us that still, in a world of shifting currencies, the possession of gold and imperishable stones is the safest of investments. True it is the price of diamonds is most cunningly controlled, and diamonds will always remain the symbolic prizes of daring and desire, and they will always be sought as from the days of Solomon when, perhaps Rider Haggard was right, and after all the Phœnician traders ' journeying not for trafficking alone ' came through Africa past Zimbabwe to seek them, and, as the gold of the Rand may be but the edge of a sea yet inconceivable to man, so Kimberley may be but the antechamber of ' King Solomon's Mines,' and across the desert guarded by an obscene old witch lies the last new thing out of Africa.

Perhaps I have been led into a romantic digression, but it is not altogether divorced from the future of South Africa and the deserts. South Africa has been a land that called the adventurous English, and Dutch too, a land full of colour that inspired thoughts of great wealth and great empire. The German writer, Spengler, once called Rhodes, ' the first of the Cæsars,' and if South Africa is to fulfil a great destiny she must leave her parochialism and return to purple and imperial conceptions such as his. For in no country is it more apparent that the great treasures

of this world and the next are across the deserts watched over by an obscene old witch. And nowhere else has land been won and homes and townships settled with such struggle. The land, the climate, the wild animals, and the Zulus, have had to be met and subdued by the persistence and vitality of the strong Boer Voortrekkers seeking their promised land, and by English settlers and soldiers too. Africa is still striking back; and creeping on like some African deity from Bechuanaland the Kalahari breathes her baleful breath of drought and pests and locusts. Oh, most powerful Ju-ju, big magic to slay the cattle herds and orange trees.

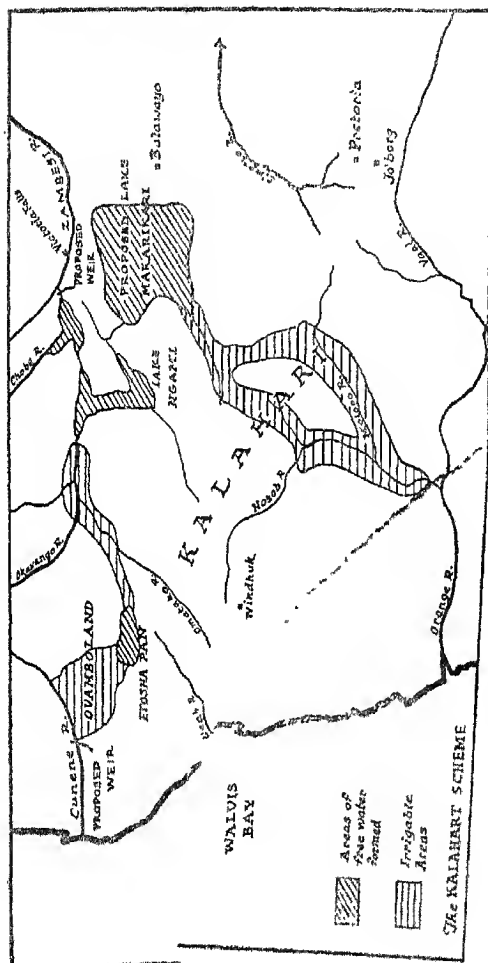
One of the greatest demands humanity must and will make of applied science is means to subdue the deserts. The task is one for British and African, and possibly German, co-operation to undertake in leadership of the civilized world. For the problem is one for the Rhodesias too, and Bechuanaland is one of those Protectorates the Union wishes to incorporate. And victory will fall to combined resolution. Beneath that closing rock Gagool, the old witch, will be crushed. For beneath the desert, as beneath most of the vast tableland of Africa, flow rivers of water. The idea is not so fantastic as it sounds. As long ago as 1918, before ever we became so concerned with trade and weather cycles, a Kalahari Irrigation Scheme was proposed by Professor E. H. L. Schwarz at Johannesburg. His scheme is important because he is one of the first to consider the possibility of some control of the climate and rainfall, and his ideas are of value to areas elsewhere, for example, to Western Australia, where similar conditions prevail.

Doctor Schwarz is emphatic that irrigation alone, whether from rivers or artesian wells, can do very little because, apart from the great areas to be con-

sidered, irrigation in arid land produces 'brak' or formation of salts in the soil, often as a hard layer below the surface which ruins the land for agriculture, and owing to the nature of the rocks of South Africa reservoirs are liable, as actually happened at Bloemfontein, rapidly to become filled with silt. But besides irrigation Doctor Schwarz's scheme consists of an attempt to refill many of the old lake beds in order to modify the climate. He believes that backward erosion by the rapid coastal streams has been a cause of the drying up, that is that they have cut back upstream and tapped the lakes. It is by introducing more moisture into the atmosphere that he believes the problems can be solved. He points out that moisture laden air coming from the East and West will not deposit rain in an arid, vegetation free area, but if the Kalahari air is slightly moisture laden, owing to the presence of the lakes the two will combine to produce rain. He believes that the area of water his proposal would create, is sufficient to give an extra ten inches rainfall a year over the whole country. So he proposes the building of two weirs across the Cunene and Choboe rivers which would cause the Etosha Pan to fill up and Lake Ngami to cover much of its former area. The overflow, with a dam near the Zambezi, would fill the Makarikari depression.

I have restated Doctor Schwarz's scheme not because I think the Kalahari could thereby be abolished entirely, but because by it with the addition of wise afforestation at least the pests of the desert would be controllable and South African agriculture stabilized, which should be an inspiring incentive for the co-operation of races.

What of the capital? Too vast the sum required. Then let South Africa prospect with vigour to trace the rim of her great gold bowl and put a lien on the



future working of her new pits. For never would there have been a search for gold with so inspiring an aim.

Such then are the tasks for the combined nation of English and Dutch to undertake for the future greatness and prosperity of the land. And South Africa is a beautiful land her sons may well love. But unfortunately the reconciliation between the two sides of the civil war forty years ago in the United Party is not real, in spite of General Smuts. For there is still the stubborn Boer desire for dominance and the persistent republicanism expressing itself in the repudiation of the Union Jack and National Anthem. And the Dominion which more than any other can benefit from British co-operation refuses co-operation for Defence. This is perhaps analogous to the American policy of Isolation and ironically also depends upon the maintenance of a big Navy, in this case the British Navy. For Mr. Pirow, although he proclaims the future neutrality of the Union, her isolation from the quarrels of Europe, expects and regards as inevitable British Naval protection not only for the Union, 'even if independent,' but also for her Mandated Territory of South-West Africa. Though it is desirable for colonial concessions to be made to Germany elsewhere in Africa, 'to stiffen the white man's attitude on the native question,' in the direction of Windhoek the most German town in the continent there must be no concessions.

Unlike the reconciliation between the North and South after the American Civil War, in South Africa the government of the reunited country has been mainly in the hands of the defeated party. So the situation has been analogous to an America with a Federal Government in the hands of the South at a time when the Ku-Klux-Klan was an active political

force. And in South Africa reconciliation is more difficult because of the different racial traditions. This is particularly obvious when we consider the native question. For the South African Dutch have, with greater justification than the Germans, a 'chosen race complex' inherited from ancestors who wandered to a promised land and made the heathen hewers of wood and drawers of water.

We have here reached the point where the roar of the second lion in our path, Population, may be heard. For, of course, the ratio of the white and the black population in the Union has no real relation to that in the United States. The population of the Union is between eight and nine million people, but it is probable that some South Africans would give the figure of two to three millions, including the blacks among the zoological rather than the human inhabitants. And they might argue that they were perfectly right, as the natives have no political significance, and since the recent native legislation are not intended to have any.

There is one thing in our History about which our Socialists and Liberals will allow us to pat ourselves on the back, our generous settlement after the Boer war and the subsequent grant of self-government. The Socialists' 'black brethren' however may well regard it as a betrayal. For they look back, rather as our ancestors under the Norman Kings looked back to the Laws of Edward the Confessor, to the time of the 'Great White Queen' who protected them and made encouraging declarations about 'neither race, colour, nor creed' disqualifying any man. For now the British cannot protect them and openly their new rulers speak of reintroducing slavery, 'in the interests of the natives themselves by making them valuable.' Symbolically the possibility



of the franchise is removed. But far the most important part of the Native Legislation is the restriction on the ownership of land.

The alienation of land from the natives has a curious history, which in itself may have sown the seeds of bitter resentment in the hearts of the native races. As the Boer Trekkers advanced northwards they were seeking and anxious for suitable lands for farms and settlements. Sometimes where native villages were few and scattered, they could settle without challenge, but often they were obliged to purchase their land from the chiefs. They thought they were acquiring it 'freehold,' but the chiefs did not sell on that understanding at all, because the 'freehold' is unknown in the native system of land tenure and was indeed incomprehensible to the natives. Land they regarded as the support of the life of the tribe and therefore inalienable if the corporate life of the tribe was to continue. The most that could be done was to lease it or rather to allow the white men to work it for their mutual advantage.

There is, of course, another side to the question, for if South Africa is to continue permanently to be a white Dominion, restriction of native ownership of land and the franchise is clearly necessary in intended white man's country. The English and Dutch may well unite in brotherhood, but it is hypocrisy to talk, from a safe distance, of the 'accident of colour' and recoil from the connubium, and of our 'black brothers' and not our 'black brothers-in-law.' However, there is justifiable fear among the natives even in predominant native territory of further European encroachment and alienation of land, and, particularly in the Protectorates, mistrust of the Dominion police.

The native question is, in some ways, analogous to

that of the immigrant Jew and the Arab in Palestine, where also the possession of land is the crux. In Africa it is and will remain acute in those parts of the great tableland, particularly on the veldt and the high lands of Kenya and Tanganyika, which though tropical and suitable in climate for the black have become also by the 'conquest of latitude by altitude' white man's country. The word Boer means farmer and naturally Boers have not wanted black farmers. They want natives to-day for their supply of cheap industrial labour ; hence the agitation for the native territories. Basutoland, Swaziland, and Bechuanaland economically should be incorporated in the Union, but the Union makes their transfer by England with a good conscience extremely difficult. Indeed many think they cannot be transferred until there is some agreement on native policy over a wider area than the Union.

Some Dutch South Africans take a longer view and being concerned about the 'poor white problem' are not anxious for cheap native labour. Their desire is for a desperate native revolution to be suppressed rather on the German model of dealing with the Herero rebellion in South West Africa where the majority of the population was permitted to perish of famine, a method of liquidation later so efficiently copied in Russia ; or, as one amiable advocate expressed it, 'so that we could safely machine-gun them all from the air.'

The desire is vain. There will be no obliging rebellion, but possibly a more insidious reaction. For, as if the Union had not already enough problems, colonies of Indian labour have been introduced into the eastern districts. Gandhi himself spent part of his life in South Africa. In Johannesburg and elsewhere Indians have been publicly insulted by reason

of their colour. And it is intended that they too should have no future citizenship in the Union. It is possible that the next decade may see an anti-white man united front working by civil disobedience methods for political power. Such a monster would by no means be confined within the boundaries of the Union. Its coming might be the utmost disaster for the future of the world because the evolution then of the Black Races would not take place under the guidance of the political wisdom of England and the influence of the Christian ethic but from the inspiration of ideas in direct conflict with these.

## EIGHTEEN

### AFRICA : BLACK AND WHITE

I HAVE ALREADY QUOTED Mr. Chamberlain's saying, 'The Greeks made gentle the life of the world. . . . I can imagine no nobler ambition for an English statesman than to win the same tribute for his own country.' It is right to recall this aspect of English Tradition as a new Hellenism when we come to consider the primitive negro races. Another quotation may also be apt, I think, Lawrence's description of Allenby, 'gigantic and red and merry, fit representative of the Power which had thrown a girdle of humour and strong dealing round the world.'

Chiefly with regard to Africa, even more than India, is Imperialism, British Imperialism most, execrated by Socialists. They scorn any suggestion that Englishmen ever went to Africa except for the basest motives, for trade and to exploit the unfortunate natives in the interests of plutocrats. Most of these denouncers are Free Traders, and I do not understand why trade, which should be free and which benefits both parties in its transactions, ought to be denied the natives, and why the 'white-winged Peace bearer' should so resemble a Satanic angel when the negro is concerned.

Socialists who, curiously, boast of a superior idealism explain, in fealty to Karl Marx, History and all human activity from material and economic causes.

Myself I cannot believe that the explorers and the adventurers faced death, discomfort, and disease for the sake of gold alone for themselves and their patrons. As a rule explorers do not die millionaires. Great wealth was the means for Cecil Rhodes of great achievement and not the end. The lives of Charles Gordon and David Livingstone are difficult to account for as the instruments of unholy greed. The heroes of Rider Haggard's novels went in search of rubies of greater worth than those the stockbroker buys because they lay in King Solomon's mines. The desire to be the first to find the source of the Nile was a greater motive for the opening of Africa than cotton or rubber or gold and ivory. And the urge of romantic adventure is one of the sweetest trumpet calls from Heaven a man can hear.

However that is, in many parts of Africa which white men have colonized and developed, it is as silly to talk of 'giving back the country to the natives' as of giving back the United States to the Red Indians. And the Industrial Civilization of Europe is now dependent on the raw materials of Africa and in the long run contact with European Civilization, even its industrial side, will be for the good of the natives.

But some contend that the negro never will benefit from contact with any civilization, that the power of development and of rising is not in him. Civilization after civilization has passed before his eyes: Egypt, Greece, Rome, Byzantium, the Caliphate, all have extended to Africa and no beam of their light has been able to penetrate the darkness.

I remember Edgar Wallace's story of Sanders of the River and Bones and the old oracular witch, the Woman of Limbi, and of how Limbi once meant Olympus, and there always had been a prophetic old

witch in the middle of Africa like the Pythian priestess or the Sibyl since the days the Roman soldiers with some fantastic imperial dream marched down there. And in this story they see the old Roman Centurion's sword, and lingering on in the tribe is still some ghost of military discipline and prestige. But Africa had won. The Romans were now black, and African of African the oracles.

Cultures and philosophics have been within their ken but abstract ideas mean nothing to them. The glory of the arts of Egypt and Greece they have seen, but tell them the tale of Helen, show them Aphrodite Rising from the Foam, and, 'they still prefer them fat.' 'Servile by Nature.' Aristotle meant negroes, and so have many since, not all bad or foolish.

But this is not the English view of the African. Rather do we account for the stagnation by the continuous slavery. For all the peoples, Egyptians, Persians, Phoenicians, Romans, Spanish, Portuguese, English, Dutch, and Arabs have ransacked the Continent for manhood and womanhood. And the chiefs who sold their people were careful to find the finest specimens. Thus over the most of Africa the surviving natives have been bred from the poorest stock. Whenever there has been a glimmer in the darkness it has quickly been dimmed. For example, among the Yoruba peoples of Nigeria, with the stimulus of the early Portuguese missionaries, a vigorous native artistic culture was developing when the Arab slaving caravans crossed the Sahara to Timbuctu and Kano and opened profitable trade with the chiefs of Benin.

It has been thought that some mixture of races is a prerequisite of human genius, because then, even with the lapse of the generations, in the soul is a

greater tenseness and more of struggle to make the ferment for high feeling and meditation.

' When Severn down to Buildwas ran  
Coloured with the death of man,  
Couched upon her brother's grave  
The Saxon got me on the slave.

The sound of fight is silent long  
That began the ancient wrong ;  
Long the voice of tears is still  
That wept of old the endless ill.

In my heart it has not died,  
The war that sleeps on Severn side ;  
They cease not fighting, east and west,  
On the marches of my breast.'

Often this lack of content and repose itself brings the men of violence. And rough, destructive, and unapproved times are forerunners of philosophy and literature. So if, in spite of racial theory, we are to look for a future of German culture it will perhaps be among the Sudeten Germans that future thought will be found. There is a mingling of two vigorous stocks. It has been said, whether truly or not I do not know, that the mother of Conrad Henlein himself is pure Czech and that she cannot speak German. In Africa the most vigorous, manly—and most brutal—races have had a modicum of slaving Arab blood, the Amharic people of Abyssinia, the Houssas of Northern Nigeria, the men of the Mahdi and the Khalifa who perished at the dawning of their empire before the British squares at Omdurman—and the Zulus.

There are few so pacifist that they cannot admire the vigour of the Zulu kings, Chaka and Cetewayo. Chaka achieved by rough methods, at least physically, one of the finest types of man the world has known. It is unlikely that Olympic records would have impressed them or that Mr. Joe Louis would have

been given great honour among their braves. The savage ceremonies of initiation of boys into the warrior youth of the tribe, in which Fraser has found such symbolic meaning, became with them a eugenic device for selecting the fittest. Daubed with the ritual gypsum the future soldiers and fathers were thrust out for a season to exist by themselves in the forests whence only the strongest, the luckiest, and most resourceful were likely to return. A warrior could stand firm to receive a charging lion on his shield for his comrades to kill with assagais. When Chaka threw his spear, in that direction they would go like locusts or an apocalyptic plague and leave nothing living in their wake. They would charge among stampeded cattle, the Boer wagons and stockades, or the English lines at Rorke's Drift, and survivors of those wars have told of the terror of their red eyes shining suddenly and fearlessly before the muzzles of their rifles. The wave of their terrific energy was broken against European weapons. Whether there was ever a chance of its turning from destruction to constructive ways and a consolidation of their power we do not know, but, as it is, the history of the sons of Umslopogas has been a sad one, and instead of the foundation of a black civilization and the imperial administrative qualities we have nothing but sloth and syphilis.

It is the English faith that there are other ways besides violence and wading through slaughter to the throne of civilization. The mandate system is essentially based on English ideas and is derived from the political philosophy of Burke. This fact should be pondered by those who are so anxious to hand over 'all colonies to international control.' Outside British territory will not be found the conception that the 'interests of the native should be paramount,'



certainly not in French Africa where all is *La France*, certainly not in Italian Africa all will agree. The Germans are quite unwilling to work the mandate system at all. They do not consider the natives as a 'sacred trust to civilization.' On the contrary, they regard the mandate system as a hypocritical fraud invented to deprive them of 'their property' which they want to do what they like with.

The practical application of English principles is seen in the Lugard System of administration which has achieved its greatest success not in Mandated Territory, but in Nigeria where Lord Lugard was Governor. As far as it is possible the District Officers act as 'Residents' and advisers to the chiefs. They 'do as the chiefs tell them' and encourage them to rule people justly and according to native law, custom, and tradition. Some of the District Officers are extreme in their enthusiasm for this system, and have accordingly become very hostile towards the missions, and are prepared to countenance practices most startling to European ideas. I have heard one of them provokingly put it: "Why should we interfere with their religious ceremonies? Our veto on Suttee in India was a great mistake. We should be reminded that really not long ago in Europe there was the Inquisition, and all religions ultimately are of equal value." So would they act on the ancient answer of the Delphic Oracle that 'the religion of his own city is the best for a man.' However though it is true that just as there is no political system so stubborn but that the flowers of human personality may thrust their way through, so there is no religion so debased but that the sincere prayers of its devotees may reach the ears of God, nevertheless the contention that 'all religions ultimately are of equal value' is entirely prejudiced and cannot conceivably be supported by

any evidence. In this respect Christianity makes a unique claim that it is for all men and that all systems and customs are adaptable to it. And the success of the missions in Uganda is impressive where they have done much to raise the standard of the natives in every way and have withstood emphatically the popular and harmful Europeanization. The Lugard system should be the ally and not the opponent of Christian missions, because over most of Africa the impact of Civilization has utterly abolished the old native beliefs. 'The African has not the sheet-anchor of a natural religion,' and Christianity can make good this terrible loss.

If there is to be any great extension of modified self-government in purely native territories it is desirable for there to be considerable changes of frontiers. Indeed, if the African native is to advance at all, eventually it will become necessary because the present boundaries take no account of the national and ethnological divisions of the natives. Extensive and homogeneous tribes are sometimes divided between different Powers, and where, as often happens, native policies widely differ, there are anomalies, injustice, and resentment. For example, the Yoruba chieftains rule some of their subjects in British and some in French territory.

Some people have hoped, the present writer included, that with a general revision of frontiers in accord with the natural racial African boundaries, some concession might be made to the German colonial claims. However, a corollary to this frontier revision should clearly be some measure of agreement on native policy among the Powers concerned. For the present, it is unlikely that Germany would accept any such thing or any mandatory ideas at all.

Application of the Lugard system to Kenya or

Tanganyika is not successful or feasible because there are conditions similar to those of the South African Veldt. 'Latitude has been conquered by altitude,' and there are permanent white settlements alongside native country. And the native chiefs, it is said, are 'become the white man's office boys.' So any attempt to foster development on traditional native methods is difficult. Indeed it seems nearly impossible how to devise any equitable system of native administration with promise of advance. For, besides the problem of the immediate impact of European civilization, as in South Africa, there is a large immigrant Indian population. And in some districts the illiterate negroes are coming like villagers in India under the economic dominance of the Babu money-lender.

Since the War there have been English settlements in the country and considerable capital invested. It is possible to regard with misgiving this altitude settlement by English people, because, healthy as generally they are, in such environment undoubtedly physiological changes take place, blood-pressure tends to be unduly high, and nerves are affected in such a way that emotional control becomes difficult, a condition doubly unfortunate for people who have to live alongside the natives and which inevitably supplies sufficient unpleasant incidents for those on the lookout for such things. It is probable that children and grandchildren born there may be better adapted to the climate, but it is also probable that if this is so the type of man evolving may be rapidly changing from the English physique and character. From an Imperial point of view it would have been better if the settlers had sunk their capital and acquired land in Western Australia and New Zealand where it would have supported more white labour.

\* England, by way of some concession to Germany and also from mercy and pity, desires some large-scale emigration of Jews and half-Jews from Germany to East Africa. But after our experience in Palestine there has to be laid down that there can be no appropriation of native land. So towards a partial solution of these problems there might be some plan by which the owners of East African estates should be encouraged to sell their estates to a Jewish Emigration organization, possibly with German co-operation, and be allowed, with Dominion co-operation, to acquire estates on favourable terms in Western Australia or the Rhodesias or possibly in New Zealand.

## NINETEEN

### INDIA

' O FRIEND, HOPE IN HIM WHILE THOU LIVEST,

KNOW HIM WHILE THOU LIVEST,

FOR IN LIFE IS THY RELEASE.

IF THY BONDS BE NOT BROKEN WHILE THOU LIVEST,

WHAT HOPE OF DELIVERANCE IN DEATH?

IF HE IS FOUND NOW, HE IS FOUND THEN ;

IF NOT, WE GO BUT TO DWELL IN THE CITY

OF DEATH.<sup>2</sup>

KABIR.

WHEN WE CONSIDER India it is also of the greatest importance to bear in mind the geography and climate. Probably the original inhabitants of India were the ancestors of the Dravidians. Its History has been that of a succession of invasions of virile northern peoples through the Khyber and the mountainous North. The ' Aryan ' people, ancestors of the Hîndus who wrote the *Bhagavid Gita*, Persians, ancestors of the Parsees and influencing Hinduism itself with Ormuzd and Ahriman and the Universe divided ; Greeks and Tartars and Mongols and finally over the sea the English.

It has been noted that if we take the example of any of the conquerors, whether it be the Moghuls or some other subordinate princely line, we can see over three or four generations a rapid and definite degeneracy due to the climate. The first will be a virile, brigand, rough type, the second the strong ruler and consolidator type of king, the third begins to show

weakness in the eyes and the lines of the mouth and is content to rest on the accomplishments of his fathers. There is often variety here. He may show artistic sense and greater refinement. The fourth will be, even though rarely a saint, generally the type of Eastern voluptuary.

The rapid degeneracy of the conquerors has resulted in large portions of the sub-continent being united under dynasties of brief duration, such as Asoka's kingdom and the Moghul Empire, with a rapid disruption. And this made the British conquest possible. The British are unlike any of the previous conquerors in that, coming from the sea, they have not made India their native land. In the hot season, as in Africa, they have 'defeated latitude with altitude' and have suffered undesirable effects, but they have not in the main settled in the country and have sent their children home. So there has been no deterioration in our administration but rather an increasing efficiency as with each generation new blood is brought from England into the Civil Service.

There is evidence that the conquerors were aware of the danger of rapid degeneracy. When they saw what had happened to their predecessors they made drastic regulations 'to keep the race pure' and themselves uncontaminated with the earlier settled populations, even more drastic regulations than Hitler makes to keep the Aryan from the Jew, and hence came into being the system of Caste. Incidentally it may be observed how close is the analogy between the Indian Untouchables and the German Jews. A Brahmin prefers to drown than to be pulled out of a river by an Outcaste. A true Nazi proclaims he would prefer to die in agonies of appendicitis than to be operated on by a Jewish doctor. But the Indians' efforts did not avail. Climate and environ-

ment were more potent than heredity. When I wrote of the rapid degeneracy of the conquerors I had no wish to insult the races of India, for I believe in an alien climate those who survive to the fourth generation are becoming adapted to their environment and the new indigenous type of man emerges. So over a large part of India, especially where village life predominates, we can find a unity. And, in spite of numerous languages, religions and antagonisms, they may yet be right who maintain that under the British Raj India has been welded into something possible to become a nation.

I suspect that men of the third generation from the conquerors were the 'true begetters' of Indian philosophy. And Indian philosophy, by teaching re-incarnation, gave religious significance to Caste. This teaching reached Greece and the West as Orphism in the sixth century B.C. and was the source from which Socrates and Plato drank. It is interesting to see the use that Plato made of these ideas and the practical-reasonable, and essentially Western manner in which he considered them. In spite of the Orphic 'Myth of Er' in the *Republic*, he does not seem literally to accept the doctrine of re-incarnation. Its importance to him is that it suggested 'anamnesis,' recollection and imitation, or we might say race memory, as the explanation of human thought. And from this he evolved the 'Theory of Ideas.' Caste was of practical significance to him and suggested the classes in the Ideal State. The close relationship of the individual to the Greek City probably made inevitable the analogy between human personality and political organization.

We have already referred to Plato's knowledge of the Buddhist three ways to enlightenment and how Jnana-marga was for him the reason of Education and

Philosophy. This was also, we saw, modified by his Western thought so that mysticism was practical and not entirely introspective. The influence of Buddhism on the later development of his thought, Stoicism, was again direct, but this time in the form of Kama-marga, the way of Duty. In India itself Philosophy appears to have chosen Jnana-marga with the most individualist interpretation as their way to enlightenment.

To-day again India is giving much of value to the West and to England, now that the English in India, more than their ancestors since the Mutiny, are understanding the Indian mind, studying her ancient art and writings. We have seen some rather vague and ill-considered Indian ideas introduced into the West fifty years ago by Mrs. Annie Besant as Theosophy. But now we have only to consider, for example, Major Yeates-Browne's interpretation of Yoga to see the improvement. Indians also to-day, men such as Tagore, are more anxious to teach the West.

England also has given and is giving much of value to India. I know many Indians and some Englishmen deny this. I believe Mr. Gandhi once rhetorically asked, perhaps in an unusually petulant mood, 'What has England given India but only Sanitation?' What a gigantic 'only!' Thus by the 'spiritually minded' the building of bridges, an incorruptible Civil Service, the researches of Sir Ronald Ross, the suppression of 'Thuggery,' and the attempts at reform of the appalling Indian sexuality and excesses of some of her religious cults are all dismissed as materialistic. Far too often the admirers of Indian spirituality ignore the dreadful vice and dirt in which many an Indian chooses to live, the result of the abandonment of politics and social reform by the



followers of Jnana-marga. The Indian philosopher would rightly affirm that the wise man can be happy in a slum and the good man uncontaminated living in a brothel, but forgets the necessary corollary the Greek or Roman philosopher would add, that this is all the more reason for the wise man to abolish the slum and reform his fellows in the brothel. Perhaps after all it was with right instinct that Christian missions in India have concerned themselves with social reform, with technical rather than literary education and with the founding of hospitals. As a missionary once expressed it to me, 'The Christ we wish to show them is the Jesus who went about doing good, cleansing the lepers, and giving sight to the blind.'

The great difficulty in making political advance in India has been, in spite of the numerous Pandits and Babus, the lack of real civil sense. Often politics have been unduly a means of self-seeking and a man's loyalty has been to his Caste or religion or more often to his family. The attainment of any office has been considered the just opportunity of benefiting relatives. But even here there is hope. Family solidarity is no bad thing, and the teaching of the schools and universities has done much to foster a wider patriotism. Indians have a pathetic longing for English education. B.A. Oxon. (failed) may yet be justified.

Even more may be justified the English policy in the past of sending the best to India, the high standard of intellect required for the Indian Civil Service and its integrity as an example to its successors. England has sent thousands of her wisest sons to India who have given justice and mercy to an unfamiliar people and have suffered loneliness and deprivation of their natural associations and loss of health in the service

of a great experiment. It is indeed ironic that it is the Anglo-Indian in retirement who is generally represented as the type of the Rabshakeh Englishman.

Ironically also this is the conception of an Englishman of the Easterners, those who look no deeper than the surface, and like Mr. Huxley would abandon the Western Tradition as 'merely materialist' and seek a pure and spiritual East. We have heard them recently vocal as admirers of Mahatma Gandhi. To recapitulate the conclusions we have reached concerning the interplay of Eastern and Western thought, the error I think they make is that of the ancient Christian heresy, Manichaeism, itself the result of Magian influence; that is, they 'bifurcate the world,' but in exactly the way opposite to Nineteenth Century Science at its crudest, which, considering only that which could be measured or weighed, denied actuality to anything else or a spiritual content in its studies. Eastern Philosophy, also only seeing black and white, has denied value to science or politics or any activity that it would call Western, and, as we have seen, has invariably developed into quietism and introspection. But Science is not really materialistic. On the contrary, many scientists to-day affirm that its utilitarian achievements are valuable by-products of pure thought. Nor have the English politicians who have governed India been men of gross and earthly minds. Lord Halifax, who negotiated with Gandhi, has little resemblance to Rabshakeh. From one point of view Gandhi himself may be considered the greatest convert to Western thought. Lord Lothian has said of him that, 'he interprets the *Bhagavad Gita* not negatively in the introspective Hindu tradition but positively, so that it accords with the Christian doctrine that the love of God can be shown by actively loving one's neighbour as oneself.' The

fact of a Mahatma being a politician at all is momentous.

On the other hand, Gandhi, reverting to older ideas, is said to have declared that his religion will not allow him to take the life of a cholera-carrying rat. It is inevitable that his disciples in Office will find such sanctity inconsistent with their social conscience. So also, the methods of non-resistance, so much admired by English Pacifists, may have seemed effective against a British Raj anxious according to its tradition to grant self-government, but as a method for protection on the North-West Frontier it will be useless. The border tribes in Waziristan of greater numbers than their barren land can support lived before the British came by raiding the rich Punjaub plains. We control them by Defence, a wise policy of subsidies and the building of strategic and trading roads. There are other things for which the tribesmen desire to raid besides food, Hindu women. Unless Indian Pacifism is prepared to pay a tribute of women it is difficult to see how destruction and massacre would be avoided. Indeed, no Pacifism in the end, Indian, Chinese or English, can burke this dread dilemma. And with the growing civic sense of Indians in Office the ideas of non-resistance and quietism will be modified.

We have always regarded India as the greatest achievement of the English race. And if the influence of our great English practical philosophy does succeed in bringing Indian Philosophy back to the Platonic cave, it may be that the act of Faith we have taken in establishing the basis of a Democratic Constitution may be made the beginning by the 'best' of India of a reasonable and just system of Government that, intent on social and moral reform and exercising like principles to ours, will desire the

Imperial partnership with us. If India with a reasonable and just system of Government should eventually depart from the Imperial federation, it would but little depreciate the greatness and nobility of the English achievement.

There is great hope for India even among those of us who regard the introduction of constitutional change with misgiving. It is important that in the coming Federation the Princes, representing the older conservative India, for a long time should take a dominant place. There is great hope for India if Indians and Englishmen work with forethought and caution. There are two great dangers, apart from the question of Defence, Communism in India and 'Liberalism' in England. We should not minimize the danger of Communism. Its agents are very active, and in some ways the Indian soil, particularly the village soil, is fertile for the growth of its poisonous weeds; and undoubtedly Communists control a considerable portion of the Congress. If Communism achieves any considerable success in the provinces or, if English 'Liberalism' drunk with windy ideals and abstractions insists on forcing the pace, probably the slowly forming Unity of India will be eternally disrupted.

## TWENTY

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### CHINA AND JAPAN

WE HAVE BEEN CONSIDERING the beneficent influence of the English Tradition in the world. It is important that we should consider the Far East, because much that has occurred and will occur in China and the Chinese mind is the result of Western and English influence. And such an old civilization as China's must itself have much to teach us. For it is a way of Life and by adhering to it Man may, even in ages of flood, pestilence, and invasion, pass through a long or short life with dignity and satisfaction.

There is a story of Lao-Tze which I once heard but since have been unable to trace. The Master was walking with his disciples and asked them what meritorious actions in their lives they wished to accomplish. One replied that he would deliver a province from tyranny; the second that he would pass a certain difficult examination and obtain a government position to bring honour to his family; another that he would marry the daughter of a Mandarin and beget many sons; but the last would bathe once in the river beneath the trees on a night of perfect moonlight. And this was the answer the Master commended.

I do not think anything could better illustrate the idea, which is enshrined for Englishmen in one of the

loveliest of English poems, Keats's 'Ode to a Grecian Urn,' that the present moment is the only eternity and the only real, that the past and the future do not exist. The most dreadful things pass and the meanwhile there are in life moments of beauty which with graceful etiquette and refined living we may bring our souls to experience with perfect satisfaction. If a man is killed, does that matter when once he has known the highest human delight? If the Tartars or the Japanese have trampled his garden and he has paid them a tribute of his daughters, there are still flowers and fair maidens in the world.

This Chinese attitude to Life can be seen in Chinese Art, particularly in Painting, which is objective and an Art of Escape. There is the Chinese story, which also ironically re-occurs in Japan, of the artist condemned by a tyrant under pain of torture to paint in his presence. The picture was to be of a boat upon the sea at evening, and so realistically was it painted that the palace chamber filled with water and the boat floated out of the pigments and bore the artist away from the tyrant's reach to the sunset past the painted horizon.

Chinese Philosophy is different from Indian Philosophy because it is agnostic. We in the West have known a similar system in the teaching of Epicurus. Like Epicureanism, Chinese thought has had to consider more than the individual, and so the wise man seeking his ideal pleasure should by gentlemanly consideration cause no pain to others. Indeed, in both systems human relationships, friendship and the family are emphasized as suitable aims for the wise. So these, particularly the family which from other traditional teaching has its hold over the Chinese mind, are the centre of interest and loyalty, and not the nation, the country, or the race. Thus

the soldier in ancient China, was regarded as the basest of mankind, and still a Chinese official can regard it as foolish and immoral to risk his life for his country when his family depends on his training and ability.

This aristocratic and cultured way of life has always been a fascination for others, and thus like 'Conquered Greece' China has often 'led her conquerors captive.' It is unlikely that she would lead a victorious Japan captive because, as we shall see, in Japan there is other philosophy as potent over the mind of man, and in China herself a ferment of new ideas. The great migrations taking place before the Japanese armies, and the floods, from the land of the two rivers, the original true China, the Cities of the Plain to the inner hills is almost symbolic of the change in her soul. Only in one way, it has been remarked, do the Japanese seem to approximate to Chinese ways. Their armies curiously begin to resemble those of the War Lords who long obstructed Chiang-Kai-Shek's efforts towards National Unity. They take little note of the orders of the Cabinet at Tokyo, and there is hostility between the various army groups and the Navy. It is undoubtedly hoped in China that with the stress of a long war these antagonisms may bring Japan to disaster.

Englishmen in the Far East have always recognized that 'John Chinaman is a gentleman,' and over the leagues of sea and land which separate our countries have seen and respected qualities akin to his own aristocratic manners. But the original Chinese ideal of the Gentleman also had the defects which Cardinal Newman detected, secularism and lack of concern for social reform. From the time of Sun-Yat-Sen's sojourn in London, the two ideas of National Unity and Social Service have increasingly penetrated

China. In more recent times the growth of Christianity with its missionary message of helping our neighbours with teaching and medicine has given particular impetus to the latter. For the growth of Christianity in the last decade has been great. I have heard it suggested even, though in melancholy strain, that the impetus of Christianity passed at the Reformation from the Mediterranean to Northern Europe and it now passes from us to the newer churches of the East in India and China, and that Christianity in the first centuries was Petrine and authoritative and at the Reformation Pauline and 'reasonable,' and now the Christianity emerging which the East will accept is Johannine and mystical ; but China has always need of the works of Christianity, for the majority of her great population has existed for ever with insufficient food and clothing, a prey to every disaster and disease. Restriction of output, as our Dominion economists and others are emphasizing, is a poor permanent solution for the recurrent slump in the cycle of trade. The removal of tariffs and trade barriers over increasing areas and the making of large economic units may do little good without a raising of the standard of life of those on the subsistence level. A slow and persistent raising of the standard of life of the Chinese peasant has been the aim of Chiang-Kai-Shek's Government. And it welcomed the economic assistance of England and the stimulus of the commercial development of Shanghai and Hong Kong. And perhaps again English help may be welcomed in restoring a war-shattered China, even though extra-territorial rights are abandoned to a reunited nation.

But if Japan finds that aggression really does pay and she is able permanently to control the coast and cities of China, though she may ask for temporary



European assistance, the manner of living for the Chinese peasant is likely to remain one of starvation, for the object of her invasion is to keep a weak and disunited China. They fight, they say, to prevent a united China as England has so often in the past to prevent the hegemony of Europe. Nor has Japan the resources to help the development of China. And there can be no doubt that Japan wishes eventually to exclude all Europeans from China. For her temper is inspired by the 'Back to Asia' movement and is essentially anti-European. 'We want nothing,' they say, 'from the West but machinery.' They regard the introduction into Japan of Western clothes, customs, and thought, which made such progress before and immediately after the war, as a contamination of the sacred race and soil. It is a reversion to earlier thought and the old simple Japanese way of life. The person of the Emperor resumes more and more its sanctity as in the days of the Shoguns with the inevitable loss of power. It is a revival of Shinto with the idea of the divinity of the race and country, and accordingly, as in the sixteenth century, anti-Christian. Curiously the Japanese declare the Nazi doctrine of Blood and Soil as taught by Rosenberg has come from Japan; and they have bewailed the fact that they have no Jews in their land upon whose persons they might demonstrate the superiority of the Nipponese people.

However, when they speak of their wish only for China's co-operation they are not hypocritical, for they look for a 'Back to Asia' movement among other Oriental peoples, and consider themselves as deliverers of China from White domination. They have not been without the idea of inspiring the desire for plunder and counter domination and rape. 'The white woman,' they are careful to point out, 'is

the Oriental's opium dream.' The brutalities of their soldiers, particularly towards Chinese women, a fact our own Pacifists may well note, will have done much to divert any potential anti-European hatred to themselves.

But there remains the conception of a great Japanese Empire or Leadership of the East. They assume, with what queer evidence we do not know, that Genghiz Khan was Japanese and look for a refashioning of his Empire. The Navy, too, is not without its dreams. Naval officers write 'Japan must fight Britain,' and dream of Siam under Japanese tutelage digging a canal through the Isthmus of Kra to make Singapore insecure and to dominate the Dutch East Indies.

It is to be noted that in the sixteenth century there was another Japanese invasion of the Continent with the same avowed object of controlling China, Indo-China, and India, and the long initially successful struggle brought exhaustion to the East and was the prelude to the closing of Japan to the world. It is possible that in spite of almost complete Japanese victory the powers of spiritual renewal in China may be great and that aggression after all in this case may not pay, and economic collapse may bring a savage disillusionment. And with famine Japan's already overcrowding peasantry swollen with returning soldiers would be admirable revolutionary material. It is indeed unfortunate that our attempts always to work in agreement with America should have lessened our friendly influence on Japan, and that the tension with Italy should have for a time lessened our power for good in the Far East.

It is important that we should maintain the most of our rights in China, as also our shipping throughout the Pacific, and that our Might may be as clear as our

Integrity for us here as elsewhere to play the part of peacemaker and mediator.

And China is before us an example of a culture with great values of thought and conduct and art undefended in the past by a true traditional patriotism and by arms.

## TWENTY-ONE

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### THE PACIFIC. AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

THE CONSIDERATION of the Far East and our position in the Pacific inevitably raises the question of Imperial Strategy.

For all our statesmanship is dependent upon a far-seeing foreign policy, and foreign policy is dependent upon strategy.

In the past, as is well known, Imperial strategy was based upon the Red Line to India and the East, that is the command of the Seas maintained with a chain of fortified fuelling and victualling bases, Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, Aden ; and after the termination of the Japanese alliance, the triangle, Singapore, Hong Kong, Port Darwin. Naval Power dependent upon these bases has safeguarded our trade with the East. And by the Cardwell Army System of long garrison duty abroad, reinforcements have been within quick call and shipment should one section of the line be endangered. The chief naval power has necessarily been concentrated in Home Waters because potential opponents have been European Powers and because wealth and population have been in England. Also to safeguard the route in narrow waters we have kept a predominant naval strength in the Mediterranean. In addition, there are other trade routes bringing us food and supplies that have had to be traversed and whose focal points

have had to be guarded, hence the West Indies Station and the importance to us of numbers of light cruisers. One of these focal points may be said to be off Port Natal in Brazil, where the German Cruiser *Konigsberg* sunk one hundred thousand tons of English shipping in the early days of the War.

It was to raid these converging lines that Admiral Von Spee tried to seize the Falkland Islands.

Also, as bases for convoy escorts and anti-submarine patrols, we maintained establishments until recently, at Lough Swilly, now abandoned to Eire; and Simonstown in South Africa as a base for the Cape route.

Under these arrangements the Dominions were considered responsible for their local defence, but the whole co-ordinated system was the duty of England.

These were the principles of Imperial strategy in the past. Many changes are being made and will have to be made, because, first, potential danger to us is not now only to be met in Home waters or even in Europe, and second, the advent of aircraft has increased our difficulties and, as a corollary to this, the Mediterranean can never again be an entirely safe 'via.'

In one way aircraft has made our burden lighter. The task of looking for a needle in a haystack or of tracking down raiding cruisers on our trade routes, such as the *Emden* and the *Konigsberg* in the early days of the last war, would not be with aircraft carriers the anxiety and expense it then was. We had to employ no less than thirty cruisers to search for the *Konigsberg* alone. And even then they failed to find her and she eventually sank from the accident of an internal explosion.

But in land-locked and narrow seas aircraft, par-

ticularly land-based aircraft, is a danger. Under the threat from any power on the Mediterranean or Red Sea littoral it would be impossible for merchant shipping to use this route or effectively to be protected from our old strongholds, Gibraltar and Malta. At Suez alone congested shipping in the Canal would be an ideal target for aircraft. To our detriment merchant shipping would have to take the Cape route and even transports of troops also. But our ships of war could never abandon the Mediterranean without disaster to us, because of the loss of prestige to us in the Arab lands and our duties in Palestine and the need of the Haifa pipe line. With these considerations the development of Haifa and Cyprus has been advocated as air-force and naval bases. This is at present dependent on the outcome of the Anglo-Italian agreement, in spite of the menace of the fortification of the Dodecanese Islands and of Pantellaria.

For the future, it may well be easier to avoid a conflict with the arrogant new Italian power and an assertive Spain if our own might is more self-sufficient in the Near and Far East.

Analogies between the Roman Empire and the world to-day are generally misleading, but here one may be made. In the late third century Rome had the problem of a long strategic line pressed at many points with threatened communications and a falling population. The policies of Diocletian and Constantine met this problem by the strategic and administrative division of the Empire. First, there was Diocletian's system of the four Emperors, two Augusti, and two Cæsars, but personal rivalries and party and sectarian bitterness shattered the Imperial harmony. Constantine's solution was the founding of the new Rome at Byzantium.

The Statute of Westminster was our administrative

division of the Empire, and Ottawa and Canberra are our Byzantiums. The beginning of the strategic division of the Empire was made at Singapore.

It will be necessary eventually to co-ordinate these administrative and strategic divisions. At present Singapore is probably adequate to protect Australia and New Zealand, provided European politics allow a 'Fleet in Being' to be based there, the obvious and vital condition unlikely to exist in this generation. But, as we have seen, an extension of Japanese power and influence to Siam might make Singapore quite inadequate. It is considered at present impossible for Australia and New Zealand to be attacked, except with sporadic raids, from anywhere, because of the great distances in the Pacific. Australians would also emphasize the fact that an attack upon their northern coasts would be absurd anyway, as no force could be maintained there and all centres of population and importance are beyond the impenetrable Australian deserts. I have heard that Australians also employ a famous syllogism which no future Logic Textbook should omit, 'China has a large population and has been invaded. Australia has not a large population. Therefore Australia cannot be invaded.'

The problem is not immediate of the defence of Australia, but rather of the maintenance of our strategic position in the Pacific. Already by the seizure of Prahas Shoals Japan has thrust her way into the British strategic sphere, as the fortification of her mandated islands has brought her south of Guam and well within the American sphere. It is the time for Australia and New Zealand to assume in their own right the status of Naval Powers, that is, permanently to maintain in their own waters Capital Ships, the nucleus of a Battle Fleet and thus to claim a strategic besides an administrative Dominion Status.

On the Western Australian coast the land-locked sea of Shark's Bay is a potential ideal naval base and could be made more impregnable than Singapore. If this were done, Australia and New Zealand and England might well guarantee the Dutch East Indies and jointly with America the independent Philippines.

The same problem of population and desert, as in the other Dominions, meets us in Australia. Many outlying areas once raising sheep have already had to be abandoned. And many hundreds of tons of Australia's soil is yearly deposited into the Tasman Sea. Unlike the Kalahari the greater part of the Australian Deserts is likely to remain invincible for many generations. A circular recently issued by the Bank of New South Wales refutes the popular belief in unlimited open spaces and capacity for a vast agricultural population. Immediate increase must probably be an industrial increase and in a further growth of the great cities. The State of Western Australia is, however, an exception. She regards herself as the Australian Cinderella and complains that little is done to help her development, even to the extent of voting her secession from the Commonwealth. The making of a port at Shark's Bay would assist her development which in return would provide some kind of hinterland for the Port. The difficulties in Western Australia must not be minimised. Shark's Bay itself is outside the area of rain and most of the rainfall along the west coast, even where its measurement appears satisfactory, is seasonable and unreliable. Settlements along the river valleys have been tried in the past and failed. There should be a greater determination and more thorough survey before this coast is abandoned by European civilization to nature. For here, also, where there are decreasing rivers and salting lakes, by damming and



irrigation and afforestation, the climate may be modified.

Byzantium may seem to many to have been a failure due partly to its lack of co-operation with the Western Empire. So strategic Dominion Status should not mean independence or even profitless Byzantine arguments on the 'divisibility of the Crown,' but an assumption of greater imperial responsibility. And it should mean more and not less co-operation with England. As Mr. Menzies, the Commonwealth Attorney-General, has said: 'We should concentrate more and more on the divising, not only of machinery, but of a point of view which will preserve the essential unity of the Imperial structure as a whole.'

London remains the centre of the British world, although for all I know that centre may some day be in Canberra or Ottawa or Pretoria. London being the centre (at present) I see nothing derogatory to the independence of any Dominion in the proposition that a united British Empire policy must depend upon two elements:

(1) A Government of Great Britain which recognizes that on all large matters, particularly of International policy, it is speaking in fact not only for the inhabitants of these islands but for British people all over the world, and therefore realizes that it must, as far as possible, before arriving at any decision, invite Dominion criticism and attach proper weight to Dominion views.

(2) Governments in each of the Dominions which realize that, as members of a closely knit family of nations, they are responsible not only for the wise handling of their own problems and policies, but also for an effective contribution to a wise Empire policy and real Empire security.'

If, as an effective contribution to a wise Empire

policy and real Empire security, some plan should be made for a greater strategic self sufficiency for the Pacific Dominions, it should mean a greater and not less English interest and co-operation, because inevitably the bulk of the capital sunk would be English. With the Dominions also no longer thornless fruit to be picked by predatory hands, it might be possible at last for England to concern herself less with the Power Politics of Europe, and the dream of a pure Empire or American Empire policy to be realized. For the Dominions would be growing more quickly in wealth and population.

In one matter particularly, a greater defence responsibility of Australia and New Zealand in the Pacific should bring more co-operation with England, immigration. Though Australia's population capacity may not be so unlimited as imagined, there is no doubt that her present numbers are inadequate for any great industrial development or for her future influence in the world. More, fortunately, is being done than formerly, notably in encouraging Dutch agricultural immigration, but the figure of £300 capital or £100 per annum required before married men may be welcomed as despised 'Pommies' from England to the Dominion is ludicrously high. There are at last signs that this silly and insulting attitude is changing and that all arrivals will not in the future be considered as threats to the standard of living, and that some thought may be given to future besides immediate wages.

Even more absurd is the complacency of the Government of New Zealand where to a country whose white birthrate has fallen below that of the Maoris, who, until recently, were considered in danger of extinction, 'only those with means to bring their jobs with them' are welcomed.

Byzantium to many may imply failure, but in one way Byzantium was not a failure. It preserved through ages of barbarism till more enlightened times the tradition of a civilization. Thus we should regard it as important that, with the changes over three or four generations resulting from the different environments of the Dominions, the chief ethical and political English values should not perish. So inevitably the Socialist experiment in New Zealand is an anxiety to Englishmen; for it suggests the beginning of the re-emergence of a Pacific type of life. One of their chief desires is for leisure, and there are even less ideas of the uses of leisure than among most Socialists. There are no theatres in New Zealand and no music, very little painting or poetry, and not many manners; and very little wish for any kind of aristocracy to set any standard for such things. This lack of desire for an aristocracy is common to 'new nations' and is disquieting. Even in the United States, where the natural aristocracy was destroyed in the Civil War, this lack is to be seen as a hindrance. But here a new aristocracy is emerging. The principal occupations of leisure in New Zealand are the cinema and going for interminable picnics. And their picnics are not English picnics. For some curious psychological reason, though there are no towns or urban districts, drives of a hundred miles or so are always necessary to reach the picnic country. So the chief contribution her Socialist Government makes to establish a New Zealand civilization is the building of extravagant roads. And these may well lead along the primrose path of Alberta and Newfoundland.

They talk vainly of New Zealand's isolation from exterior economy and trade cycle, and fix a guaranteed price for butter at a higher rate than obtains in

the London market, and claim that the difference can be righted by the 'internal price and wage level,' whatever that may mean. To those who knew New Zealand in the days of her hope the present loss of morale, even though temporary, appears tragic.

I wish New Zealand would introduce more of the strong English trees, the oak and ash and thorn to temper her Pacific beauty of monotonous broom and fern tree. For New Zealand is lacking in trees and wild flowers. Too often the flowers are the cultivated kind in public parks and not the wild ones in hedgerows. And thus may the stronger inherited English qualities again appear. For New Zealand is the most fitting of all the Dominions in her climate, position, and beauty, to enshrine at the other side of the world the English Tradition.

It has been said that English colonization has been Greek rather than Roman. If, as we suggested, the English Tradition is a new Hellenism, a culture and a way of life, we can regard the British Dominions as guardians and bearers of that Tradition, and lighthouses to a naughty world in their several situations.

## TWENTY-TWO

### FAITH

'IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF THAT THE FLOOD  
OF BRITISH FREEDOM, WHICH, TO THE OPEN SEA  
OF THE WORLD'S PRAISE, FROM DARK ANTIQUITY  
HATH FLOW'D, "WITH POMP OF WATERS, UNWITHSTOOD,"—  
ROUSED THOUGH IT BE FULL OFTEN TO A MOOD  
WHICH SPURNS THE CHECK OF SALUTARY BANDS,—  
THAT THIS MOST FAMOUS STREAM IN BOGS AND SANDS  
SHOULD PERISH ; AND TO EVIL AND TO GOOD  
BE LOST FOR EVER.'

WORDSWORTH,

I HAVE TRIED TO SHOW the values of the English Tradition, how they grow within the individual and how their recognition and development is the continuation and the History of England. And I have tried to suggest, tentatively and diffidently, some ways for its nurture and protection. For this, as I see it, is the duty of Conservatism. And Conservatism is not, as it appears, a doctrine of standing still. No one stands still and each generation carries its men and women somewhere. But Conservatism does not agree that the 'trend of the age' is entirely a thing beyond our control, or that we must drift instead of swim along the stream. Rather does it conceive Progress as a gradual building of a City, not preceded by a breaking down, or, to express it otherwise, the deliberate sifting and rediscovery of inherent virtues and their development. So each generation should not mark a change but a re-dedication of England's purpose and a growth of Wisdom and an extension of

Charity. I mean St. Paul's Charity, not that of the Workhouse.

There have been two sides to this book which may seem unrelated to each other, but which, I think, are two aspects of the same problem, the maintenance of the English Tradition in the soul of English youth at home and its preservation throughout the world, Education and Imperial Defence. We have considered quite a lot about deserts as an important obstacle to man in the Dominions, a cause of disease and disease itself of the land. And when I think again of the thoughts that went to the making of the first half of this book it seems we are fighting something very like a desert in that inertia and lack of Faith, what the mædieval theologians called 'Desidia,' a disease akin to the sin of Sloth, which afflicted England throughout the twenties and which many experienced individually as a spiritual failing. It was like some bodily illness, that brings the wish to abandon the battle and the failure of man's full powers.

The mood, I think, is passing. But still from the unthinking and even from boys we hear: 'Well, our time is going. We have been on top a long time. All nations have their turn and go down.' This is inevitably reflected abroad where the 'young nations' think us old and falling. This is the mood of Italy, where Mussolini calls us degenerate—a 'Pluto-democracy' like some character from a Greek play with Hubris courting retribution. 'English power,' he once said, 'depends on three artificial supports, the Navy, the Throne, and the Pound Sterling. There is crisis coming in all three.' He was implying that English character was not equal to its responsibilities. We have emerged the stronger from the three crises, rightly foretold. Yet still the criticism of our character continues.

With the more intellectual this *malaise* takes the form of acceptance of those views of History which imply Determinism in human events—such History as Spengler's *Decline of the West* and Wellsian and Marxian History which, ignoring the 'imponderables,' trace the events of man's history to material and economic causes. The summary of the conclusions of such histories would be this: The cycle of sun spots determines the weather cycle and the world's climate, and the weather cycle determines the trade cycle and the world's economy, and culture and civilization, and man's history and existence are the results of economic causes. But Man is incorrigibly Shakespearean, and, like Lear and Romeo, persists to 'defy you stars.' And we ask why these cosmic causes should be isolated from other causes controlled by Man's volition. 'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings,' we continue to say with Cassius. The events of history are no more entirely determined by cosmic causes than is the conduct of the individual entirely determined by his heredity, great though that influence is. Cosmic causes indeed 'set the trend' of an age or a decade, but the greater man's knowledge and vigour, the more may he control and modify the trend. And particularly under man's control are the imponderables, Justice, Mercy, and Courage, and by his control of these he can modify the cosmic trend. So it is our responsibility and not God's to see that the English Tradition of Courage, Fair Dealing, and Individual Consideration, does not wither and die like the Roman Pietas. And perhaps even, we may be able to see that throughout the World our English Way of Life is safeguarded for the future better than Byzantium safeguarded the Greek and Roman culture and ideas.

So Internationalists, Pacifists, and Communists are often, even unconsciously, Determinists. As one of them has expressed it to me : ' We may not like the prospect of this communal life with no loyalties or possessions, with no women in the homes, but communal kitchens for blocks of communal flats with rooms for communal babies in the basement, but it is inevitably coming.' These are the people, as we have seen, who deny completely the existence of England and the ancestral virtues. They are very fond of misrepresenting Miss Cavell's words, ' Patriotism is not enough.' Patriotism is not enough, but neither is Bread enough, nor calories nor proteins enough for man's body without vitamins. Nor is Morality itself enough for the complete man. But all these things are essentials. And Patriotism is an essential.

By Patriotism I do not mean only social sense and a consideration for the material welfare of our neighbours. This is part of Patriotism. There is another part, the love of our country and a recognition of its worth. The first of these by some is thought the ideal of the Left, the second of the Right. But this is a division that should not be made, for the first should be the inevitable outcome if the love is sincere and the recognition clear. Conservatism is the reverse of indifference to the welfare of others in England ; or the welfare also of others abroad, for we remember the English Tradition is one of humanity and consideration for the individual, and directly, and indirectly by example, it does much to help the downtrodden and distressed.

It seems to me that those who are concerned with material welfare and social service without some mystical motive, such as the love of country supplies, fall into the error of valuing ' works ' without ' faith.' That, as I understand it, is the meaning of the



*Bhagavad Gita* where it does not allow the Way of Duty to be a good way, when the duty is for personal, or for material ends. St. Paul meant the same thing, too, and his Master. For 'Man shall not live by Bread alone.' For many these are words of tragedy. For if only Man could live by bread alone and concern himself between his birth and his corruption with but eating and sleeping and loving and the heat and cold, he would be at last free from all his agony of conscience, his loyalties, heroisms, and follies that afflict him. But the words that proceed out of the mouth of God are exceedingly insistent.

And it seems to me that those who would neglect that voice of God which comes to them from the country-side and from the past often inevitably are turned to an Epicurean philosophy like the Chinese philosophy I have tried to describe, which in the beginning is agnostic. It generally means a rejection of politics and a seeking of the greatest values in pure scientific or mathematical thought, or in the highest æsthetic experience. This, I think, Tacitus meant when he wrote in similar times to ours of the young Agricola 'drinking more eagerly Philosophy than is right for a Roman and a Senator.' Thus I have been impelled to try to write this book and express what others with greater ability could have better done, had they thought it within their province. With the noble exception of Doctor Inge which of our ethical and intellectual leaders has tried to recall us to our native principles and political duty?

But, though the higher Epicureanism begins as agnostic, it does not continue so. For the modern as for the ancient Epicurean 'Hedony' becomes inevitably more than Pleasure when the captive and the persecuted may share it and also inevitably and eventually involves the recognition of the other

values. So to-day we see Doctor Whitehead's Philosophy as a growth from pure mathematics and æsthetics. The words that proceed out of the mouth of God are exceedingly insistent, and the highest intellectual or æsthetic experience becomes itself a religious exercise.

I should like to illustrate what I am trying to express from my own æsthetic experience. To me Bach is the only completely satisfying musician. The serenity of his endings is something quite different from the turbulence of Beethoven. To listen to Bach is complete æsthetic experience. The immature who have not realized the mystery of death cannot really appreciate Virgil, and the immature cannot really appreciate Bach. For he takes all the stresses, disillusionments and agonies of life and brings them to a few completely satisfying chords at the end. And always in those chords there seems to the listener some familiar notes perhaps suggested by some apparently random phrase at the beginning.

To use the language of modern Science, when those charges of electricity which are our thoughts no longer can operate in the cells of the brain, it is possible they operate in some way, let us say, in the harmony of the waves or particles of light. And no longer are there any senses to apprehend the world but a new world has to be apprehended in some way unknown by the soul which 'is herself invisible but partakes in reasoning and in harmony.' We must remember that no one has ever seen light, but only that which light reveals. So it is a world of the quintessence. The Greek physicist would say of the primal creative fire; or a world Milton would say of 'Holy Light, Offspring of Heaven's Firstborn . . . Bright effluence of bright essence increate.' Our first

act of sensual self-consciousness is the assumption of personality, and isolation from the Whole. Thus by some, by Kant notably, 'thought' is said to be Man's mistake. And Monists the world over have represented Man's destiny as the extinction of 'thought' and ultimate remerging in the One, thus precluding all personal immortality. So the Stoic Marcus Aurelius could speak of death as a dissolving into the 'seminal principles of the Universe.' But with the act of self-consciousness is the possibility of knowledge, imperfect but not altogether illusory. The possibility of knowledge is also dependent on memory, and memory pre-exists our initial act of self-consciousness. It is then possible that immortality exists in the rhythms of the immaterial world part of which the mathematical genius of Man is now discovering, and that our memory may bring something from a world that appears purely sensual to one where senses cannot function as here, and that some of the tunes we have made in suffering and labour here may go to complete the perfect everlasting chords. If it is so, we shall take with us by means of memory with which to build our new existence primarily those feelings of beauty, order, and rightness that have come to us from the past or from the English countryside, which here have been the motives of unselfish endeavour and the making of Patriotism.

